

SLINGSHOT

FREE!

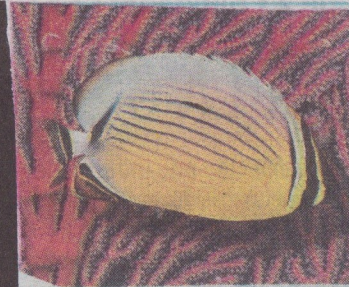
ISSUE #127

→ Summer ←

= 2018 =

SLINGSHOT

Berkeley, CA



SEX
WORK
is Not
HUMAN
TRAFFICKING
being a
dominatrix in
the age of FOSTA,
SESTA, & SB2014



By Mistress Liv

SESTA and FOSTA are both bills signed in

really want some random person to stick needles in you, or whip you, or insert a large



FRONTLINES IN THE FOREST

By Olea

My boots sink a few inches into soft snow with each step as I make my way along a narrow path behind my comrade. We try to avoid leaving prints by walking on the bare patches of soil, but in this spot, the snow has blanketed the ground. On our left the hillside falls steeply beneath towering old growth Douglas fir, tanoak, madrone, and bay trees. The forest floor is cloaked in moss and ferns and dotted with fallen branches and logs. Above us is a gravel road, and on either side there are rows of close-planted tree farm fir. Suddenly, my comrade whips around, motioning to me silently and pointing up the

walked into a meeting of activists defending old growth forest in the Mattole watershed. I had always assumed direct action campaigns were completely underground affairs carried out by experienced activists in tight knit affinity groups. But they needed hands in the woods, and I just happened to be there. That's how I found myself in the backseat of a sedan rushing south on Highway 101 with tinny Grateful Dead in my ears and pot smoke wafting past my nose.

We were dropped off and began the several-hours-long hike up logging roads to reach our destination: Rainbow Ridge, the 3000-foot spine separating the Bear River

is not HUMAN TRAFFICKING being a dominatrix in the age of FOSTA, SESTA, & SB2014



By Mistress Liv

SESTA and FOSTA are both bills signed in recently by Trump as well as the Senate and the House that allow the federal government to prosecute anyone who helps sex workers advertise. These bills equate creating a platform in which to find and screen prospective Johns with pimping. This is hugely problematic for sex workers for many, many reasons. First, if we cannot advertise, we starve. Second, if we cannot find clients online, we may need to turn to the streets. Third, when we turn to the streets, we die.

For the past year and a half, I have worked as a professional dominatrix. During this time, I have met some of the smartest, most emotionally aware and hard-working people I have in my entire life. Many people think that being a dominatrix is easy; we just get to kick rich dudes in the balls all day, right? It is not. It is, in fact, incredibly difficult work. The work of all those that sell sex, be it "sex," or be it an erotic experience, is primarily empathic. There is also a lot of skill involved. Many that see pro-dommies do so because they want to experience something different with someone that knows what they are doing. Would you

really want some random person to stick needles in you, or whip you, or insert a large metal rod in your urethra? Or would you want someone you met at the bar to call you racial slurs, pretend to be your mother, or turn you into the perfect pet? Of course not.

We make ourselves adept at understanding these taboo desires, at knowing how to practice them safely. We intuit the needs of others, smile a sexy smile even when we have a cold, take care of one another and spend hours working our own hustle, unpaid. We answer emails, vet if someone is a "wanker" or not, answer questions, and tell people that it is okay to have such desires a thousand times all in effort of getting some cash. We front our own costs, take on our own risks and make difficult decisions every day. We get death threats from deluded clients. We come into contact with bio-hazardous fluids. We hear every racist, sexist entitled thing you might imagine. And we smile.

I don't even have to let the Johns touch me, but for the majority of my fellow sex workers—they do. I have tried full service before and

Continued on Page 12

FRONTLINES IN THE FOREST

By Olea

My boots sink a few inches into soft snow with each step as I make my way along a narrow path behind my comrade. We try to avoid leaving prints by walking on the bare patches of soil, but in this spot, the snow has blanketed the ground. On our left the hillside falls steeply beneath towering old growth Douglas fir, tanoak, madrone, and bay trees. The forest floor is cloaked in moss and ferns and dotted with fallen branches and logs. Above us is a gravel road, and on either side there are rows of close-planted tree farm fir. Suddenly, my comrade whips around, motioning to me silently and pointing up the hill. A truck is passing just 20 feet above us on the road. We freeze, silent until it passes, exchanging sighs of relief that we were not spotted. We are deep in timberlands owned by Humboldt Redwood Company on Northern California's lost coast — behind enemy lines in a battle that many thought ended years ago.

I had come to Humboldt county with only a pedestrian grasp of the history of California's timber wars. I had, completely on accident,

walked into a meeting of activists defending old growth forest in the Mattole watershed. I had always assumed direct action campaigns were completely underground affairs carried out by experienced activists in tight knit affinity groups. But they needed hands in the woods, and I just happened to be there. That's how I found myself in the backseat of a sedan rushing south on Highway 101 with tinny Grateful Dead in my ears and pot smoke wafting past my nose.

We were dropped off and began the several-hours-long hike up logging roads to reach our destination: Rainbow Ridge, the 3000-foot spine separating the Bear River watershed to the northeast from the Mattole River watershed to the southwest. Beyond the Mattole's verdant ravines, only the forested King Range lay between us and the Pacific ocean, 10 miles west as the crow flies. That first night, trekking in the darkness up a steep gravel road, I wasn't entirely sure I'd make it. After a month of hiking Rainbow Ridge, though, I came to know each turn and landmark. I felt the comfort of homecoming

Continued on Page 14



prospective Johns with pimping. This is hugely problematic for sex workers for many, many reasons. First, if we cannot advertise, we starve. Second, if we cannot find clients online, we may need to turn to the streets. Third, when we turn to the streets, we die.

For the past year and a half, I have worked as a professional dominatrix. During this time, I have met some of the smartest, most emotionally aware and hard-working people I have in my entire life. Many people think that being a dominatrix is easy: we just get to kick rich dudes in the balls all day, right? It is not. It is, in fact, incredibly difficult work. The work of all those that sell sex, be it "sex," or be it an erotic experience, is primarily empathic. There is also a lot of skill involved. Many that see pro-dommies do so because they want to experience something different with someone that knows what they are doing. Would you

these taboo desires, at knowing how to practice them safely. We intuit the needs of others, smile a sexy smile even when we have a cold, take care of one another and spend hours working our own hustle, unpaid. We answer emails, vet if someone is a "wanker" or not, answer questions, and tell people that it is okay to have such desires a thousand times all in effort of getting some cash. We front our own costs, take on our own risks and make difficult decisions every day. We get death threats from deluded clients. We come into contact with bio-hazardous fluids. We hear every racist, sexist entitled thing you might imagine. And we smile.

I don't even have to let the Johns touch me, but for the majority of my fellow sex workers—they do. I have tried full service before and

Continued on Page 12

Humboldt Redwood Company on Northern California's lost coast — behind enemy lines in a battle that many thought ended years ago.

I had come to Humboldt county with only a pedestrian grasp of the history of California's timber wars. I had, completely on accident,

ocean, 10 miles west as the crow flies. That first night, trekking in the darkness up a steep gravel road, I wasn't entirely sure I'd make it. After a month of hiking Rainbow Ridge, though, I came to know each turn and landmark. I felt the comfort of homecoming

Continued on Page 14



By Dana Blanchard

If people had told me a year ago that I would be driving back for the second time in a month to West Virginia — the state that voted more lopsidedly for Donald Trump in 2016 than any other — to talk with people about union organizing and socialist politics, I would have thought the idea was absurd.

But here we are — my partner came along for the second trip — driving along a mist-filled mountain highway in a cold rain to visit a group of people who have quickly turned everything the media has told us about "red states" on its head.

Looking back on the caricature that the media and sensationally awful books like *Hillbilly Elegy* have created of the poor, white, backward Trump voters in this part of the country, it's obvious that they didn't do any real research on working-class people in West Virginia.

They talk about working-class people, especially those who voted for Trump, like they're an alien species, rather than a group of people who are frankly just sick and tired of being sick and tired — like the rest of us.

Yes, this is a state that voted overwhelmingly for Trump. But it's also a state that went for Bernie Sanders, an open socialist, in the Democratic primaries.

There are good reasons that many voters who typically vote Democrat didn't support Hillary Clinton in the presidential election. West Virginia was essentially run by the Democratic Party for almost the entirety of the last century, so the Democrats are responsible in large part for the economic and social conditions people live under today.

Out of all the 121 terms of statewide office

that have been regularly elected since 1932, all but seven were won by a Democrat. From 1930 to 2014, Democrats held majorities in both chambers of the West Virginia legislature.

West Virginia has had a Democratic governor for 64 of the last 85 years—including the current governor, Jim Justice, who was elected as a Democrat before switching back to a Republican in 2017.

Many West Virginians thought they could get change through voting for a different party. But some are starting to realize that they have

Continued on Page 10

SLINGSHOT

Slingshot is an independent radical newspaper published in Berkeley since 1988.

On March 9, *Slingshot* turned 30 years old. One of our members dropped a tab of acid to celebrate and then was riding on BART and noticed everyone was on their cellphones — and that BART is fucking weird while you're on acid — so they decided to blend in by looking at their phone. The first thing they saw was an email from Eggplant who said, "Today I imagined a *Slingshot* box that would joke about not trusting it because it's over 30 — realizing how tiresome that joke is now in some way." But some of us who put the issue together had never heard that joke, "Don't trust anyone over 30," a joke from the Yippie movement of the 1960s. Some of our collective members weren't even born 30 years ago! Some of our members are straightedge, so they don't do any drugs of any form, so they made weird faces as the story was told. It was really nice acid, though — it was super visual but didn't make them anxious or paranoid.

As we were laying out the paper on Saturday, the anti-birthers and breeder-sympathizers had a debate over whether it's irresponsible for activists to have children. Should we boycott reproducing and devote all our energy to rescuing the planet? The next day, a group of children between the ages of 5 and 7 took over our building and declared it an "adult-free zone." As part of their communiqué, they declared that any child who allows an adult to come in will be put on a rocket and sent to the moon. But then there was a lot of confusion over who the adults actually were.... So the kids settled down and painted watercolor pictures next to us while we finished up layout, which was pretty fun for everyone.

We are really excited that in this issue of *Slingshot* we got separate articles on sex

People's Monday:

A WEEKLY CELEBRATION OF THE LIVES OF PEOPLE MURDERED BY POLICE

by Crow

In February of this year, Black Lives Matter activists in NYC marked the third anniversary of weekly march called the People's Monday. It is organized by a multiracial POC-led group called NYC Shut It Down. Formed out of a desire to maintain movement energy generated by the 2014 unrest following the police murder of Eric Garner, each march memorializes a different victim of police murder. The first one was held on February 9th, 2015, and I'm told there has been one every single Monday ever since, without fail, no matter the weather. Initially, every People's Monday march began at Grand Central Station, but over time organizers chose to start holding it in different parts of the city. Sometimes they will go to Brooklyn, Harlem, Queens, etc... and bring street demos with a militant vibe to neighborhoods where protests are rarely held. Part of the thinking behind this is to bring people from the neighborhood into the streets, which apparently has been successful.

I visited NYC last winter, and attended the People's Monday march on March 13th, 2017. At 7 p.m. A group of around 30 people gathered in Washington Square park in the middle of Manhattan. The march was unpermitted and the route was not pre-announced, but that didn't stop the group from

Fact 1: Denise Hawkins was an 18-year old black woman from Rochester, New York. Her high school principal said "they never saw her not smiling." Denise had an 18-month son with her husband, Lewis Hawkins, at the time of her murder.

Fact 2: Her father forced Denise to marry Lewis after she became pregnant. Lewis was abusive and she tried to leave Lewis three times before she was killed. Police had been called before, but they never helped Denise.

Fact 3: On November 11, 1975, Denise and her family were at her cousin's house for dinner when she and Lewis started arguing. Her cousin called the police.

Fact 4: Denise was holding a knife when Lewis chased her out of the apartment with a chair, threatening to kill her. Seconds after she fled the apartment Officer Michael Leach, who was standing outside, shot her in the chest, killing her.

Fact 5: Officer Leach claimed he was trapped in a corner unable to move away from Denise and feared for his life, a story disproven by forensic evidence. Officer Leach made a similar claim in 2012 when he murdered his own son. No officer was charged with any crime in the murder of Denise Hawkins.

This is not an isolated incident. In the past 15 years, the NYPD has murdered over 300 people. Of these, over 80% has been black or

than reality itself, it was intensely satisfying to participate in something where the desired result did not happen in the digital landscape but on a human level.

So mad respect to the People's Monday organizers NYC Shut It Down, for showing me what consistency looks like. And let's be real, if we can't be consistent, what can we hope to accomplish? Since 2014, every single Monday, rain or shine, they've been holding it the fuck down. What can we learn from them? Be bold. Be defiant. Have a specific message. Be loud. Be proud. Have fun. Say it like you mean it. And make it social — after People's Monday, comrades gather to socialize in a neighborhood restaurant.

I'm told that in the past, the People's Monday march has occasionally led to clashes with police, but apparently property destruction is not part of the culture. Perhaps smashing windows and slashing tires is viewed as counterproductive, because I'm sure that's it neither due to moral objection or lack of courage. If the point of militant protest is to deliver a message in a way that can't and won't be ignored, they achieve that in their own way.

The People's March does very much have a ritualistic element to it... which I mean in a good way. As such, every march ends with Assata's prayer, with all participants joining

"We are here today to remember all who were murdered by the police!"

no matter the weather. Initially, every People's Monday march began at Grand Central Station, but over time organizers chose to start holding it in different parts of the city. Sometimes they will go to Brooklyn, Harlem, Queens, etc... and bring street demos with a militant vibe to neighborhoods where protests are rarely held. Part of the thinking behind this is to bring people from the neighborhood into the streets, which apparently has been successful.

I visited NYC last winter, and attended the People's Monday march on March 13th, 2017. At 7 p.m. A group of around 30 people gathered in Washington Square park in the middle of Manhattan. The march was unpermitted and the route was not pre-announced, but that didn't stop the group from

We are really excited that in this issue of *Slingshot* we got separate articles on sex positivity, sexual labor relations, and building consent-based communities, along with articles on and fights for racial equality, the ecology, and worker's rights. This issue of *Slingshot* truly is an attack on reality from every angle. We even included an article that explicitly attacks reality.

If the number and quality of the articles we received at the deadline is any kind of barometer, it's going to be a long hot summer. Perhaps we're finally shaking off recent jarring events. Like after a big bomb goes off everyone's ears are ringing and you're momentarily paralyzed, but then the smoke clears and it's time to jump up and run forward again.

Some collective members are eager to tear it all down. Others are eager to see people's attention directed towards those who are most vulnerable. Perhaps these two stances can swirl together into a perfect storm, as we reconfigure our social relations from the ground up and create a human modality that isn't constantly at war with itself and the environment.

Slingshot is always looking for new writers, artists, editors, photographers, translators, distributors, etc. to make this paper. If you send an article, please be open to editing.

We're a collective but not all the articles

no matter the weather. Initially, every People's Monday march began at Grand Central Station, but over time organizers chose to start holding it in different parts of the city. Sometimes they will go to Brooklyn, Harlem, Queens, etc... and bring street demos with a militant vibe to neighborhoods where protests are rarely held. Part of the thinking behind this is to bring people from the neighborhood into the streets, which apparently has been successful.

I visited NYC last winter, and attended the People's Monday march on March 13th, 2017. At 7 p.m. A group of around 30 people gathered in Washington Square park in the middle of Manhattan. The march was unpermitted and the route was not pre-announced, but that didn't stop the group from

dinner when she and Lewis started arguing. Her cousin called the police.
Fact 4: Denise was holding a knife when Lewis chased her out of the apartment with a chair, threatening to kill her. Seconds after she fled the apartment Officer Michael Leach, who was standing outside, shot her in the chest, killing her.
Fact 5: Officer Leach claimed he was trapped in a corner unable to move away from Denise and feared for his life, a story disproven by forensic evidence. Officer Leach made a similar claim in 2012 when he murdered his own son. No officer was charged with any crime in the murder of Denise Hawkins.

This is not an isolated incident. In the past 15 years, the NYPD has murdered over 300 people. Of these, over 80% has been black or

and make it social — after People's Monday, comrades gather to socialize in a neighborhood restaurant.

I'm told that in the past, the People's Monday march has occasionally led to clashes with police, but apparently property destruction is not part of the culture. Perhaps smashing windows and slashing tires is viewed as counterproductive, because I'm sure that's it neither due to moral objection or lack of courage. If the point of militant protest is to deliver a message in a way that can't and won't be ignored, they achieve that in their own way.

The People's March does very much have a ritualistic element to it... which I mean in a good way. As such, every march ends with Assata's prayer, with all participants joining



immediately seizing the busy streets. Throughout the march, NYC Shut It Down showed their courage and confidence in their own power by not only disobeying police orders, but also antagonizing the police by yelling insults at them from close range. Keep in mind there wasn't a large crowd to melt back into if a juiced-up pig started 'roid-raging.

brown. Of these murders, there have been four indictments, resulting in a total of two convictions, with an end result of ZERO JAIL TIME. If you believe that BLACK LIVES MATTER, we ask that you raise your fist in solidarity."

In each location, quite a few people present did raise their fists, and the protesters exited

hands and chanting together: "It is our duty to fight for our freedom. It is our duty to win. We must love and protect each other. We have nothing to lose but our chains."

I think a weekly ritual could serve the purpose of movement-building well. Public events give people an opportunity to meet each other, but we all know that activists are slow to bestow trust. People need to get familiar with each other before they can work together. A smaller group makes it easier for folks to get to know each other.

Also, I really like actions that are demanding justice on autonomous terms rather than reacting to an injustice. I think it's a mistake to view outlying incidents such as police murders as the actual problem, rather

every angle. We even included an article that explicitly attacks reality.

If the number and quality of the articles we received at the deadline is any kind of barometer, it's going to be a long hot summer. Perhaps we're finally shaking off recent jarring events. Like after a big bomb goes off everyone's ears are ringing and you're momentarily paralyzed, but then the smoke clears and it's time to jump up and run forward again.

Some collective members are eager to tear it all down. Others are eager to see people's attention directed towards those who are most vulnerable. Perhaps these two stances can swirl together into a perfect storm, as we reconfigure our social relations from the ground up and create a human modality that isn't constantly at war with itself and the environment.

Slingshot is always looking for new writers, artists, editors, photographers, translators, distributors, etc. to make this paper. If you send an article, please be open to editing.

We're a collective but not all the articles reflect the opinions of all collective members. We welcome debate and constructive criticism.

Thanks to the people who made this: Adam, Cayly, Daniel, Eggking, Erica, Fern, Gerald, Hannah, H-Cat, Indiana Joe, Isabel, Jesse, Joey B., Kristi, Korvin, Lew, Mirocat, Talia, Starpuncher Kai, and all the authors and artists! Cover art by Elayne Ryder.

Slingshot New Volunteer Meeting

Volunteers interested in getting involved with *Slingshot* can come to the new volunteer meeting on Sunday, August 26, 2017 at 7 pm at the Long Haul in Berkeley (see below.)

Article Deadline & Next Issue Date

Submit your articles for issue 128 by September 22, 2018 at 3 pm.

Volume 1, Number 127, Circulation 22,000

Printed April 27, 2018

Slingshot Newspaper

A publication of Long Haul

Office: 3124 Shattuck Avenue Berkeley CA 94705

Mailing: PO Box 3051, Berkeley, CA 94703

510-540-0751 slingshotcollective@protonmail.com

slingshotcollective.org • twitter @slingshotnews



immediately seizing the busy streets. Throughout the march, NYC Shut It Down showed their courage and confidence in their own power by not only disobeying police orders, but also antagonizing the police by yelling insults at them from close range. Keep in mind there wasn't a large crowd to melt back into if a juiced-up pig started 'roid-raging. These folks know the power of the people, and how to assert it.

The real reason that I'm taking the time to write this reportback, though, is because this group did something that I haven't participated in before, which I think could be a useful tactic in many instances. The group invaded first a bar, then a fancy restaurant, then a Whole Foods grocery store with a huge check-out line.

The purpose of going into these places was to force a captive audience to listen to a political message. For this, they used the Occupy Mic-Check tactic. One spokesperson would speak at the top of their voice, and then everyone else would repeat their words as loudly as possible. In this case, the message was as follows (almost verbatim):

"We are here today because Black Lives Matter! We are here today because Black Women Matter! We are here today to remember Denise Hawkins, murdered by police!

brown. Of these murders, there have been four indictments, resulting in a total of two convictions, with an end result of ZERO JAIL TIME. If you believe that BLACK LIVES MATTER, we ask that you raise your fist in solidarity."

In each location, quite a few people present did raise their fists, and the protesters exited the premises, chanting, in one case to applause. It felt validating for more than one

We must love
and protect
each other.

reason – on one hand, it felt nice to be supported by members of the public, and on the other hand, it felt good to get in the faces of people who aren't sympathizers... to force them to listen. In the age of the echo chamber, where social media algorithms allow people to insulate themselves within bubbles filled with like-minded voices, we gotta find creative ways of rupturing them bubbles. Nowadays, when it feels like many liberals believe that the media portrayal of reality is more important

hands and chanting together: "It is our duty to fight for our freedom. It is our duty to win. We must love and protect each other. We have nothing to lose but our chains."

I think a weekly ritual could serve the purpose of movement-building well. Public events give people an opportunity to meet each other, but we all know that activists are slow to bestow trust. People need to get familiar with each other before they can work together. A smaller group makes it easier for folks to get to know each other.

Also, I really like actions that are demanding justice on autonomous terms rather than reacting to an injustice. I think it's a mistake to view outlying incidents such as police murders as the actual problem, rather than symptomatic of a more deeply oppressive normalcy (i.e. self-policing, surveillance, prison slavery, wage slavery, patriarchy, and the list goes on). Rage at the abuse of power can conceal the heart's true rage, the rage born of the heart's desire for freedom – the rage against oppressive power itself.

So, whether you live in New York City or whether you just happen to find yourself there on a Monday, I encourage you to check the People's Monday march. Folks are friendly and you don't have to conceal your politics. Maybe you'll make some new friends.

And if you live in place where there is enough of a movement to turn out 15-30 people on a weekly basis, maybe this is a tactic that could be adopted into the protest culture of your town or city. Maybe a weekly anti-gentrification march makes sense in your city. Think about it. Or why not a weekly Anti-fascist demo? The thoughts start coming quick, don't they?

Will Clit Envy Cause the end (of the world)?

Inspired by Ladypants McGee
Written by H. Sabet

I don't think I knew what the clit was until after I started having sex. Even now, much remains a mystery. Imagine realizing what your penis is after you've already been using it. Or smoking weed without ever inhaling and knowing what it feels like to get high. Before masturbating or having sex for the first time, I didn't realize that the clit is the only organ that is dedicated solely to sexual pleasure. That it rivals the penis in size and has erectile tissue. With over 8,000 nerve endings, it contains more than double the number of nerves penises do. Best of all, the clit continues to grow. Not only during arousal, but also 4x its size by the age of 32. And 7x by menopause! (Tina C., "A Whole New Reason to Love Your Clit")

It's no coincidence that rad and glorious information about the clitoris is obscured in our society. For thousands of years, thanks to medical inaccuracies, moral objections, and the fact that most scientists, research subjects, and anatomists have historically had penises, precise charting and understanding of the clitoris remains tragically deficient. The significance of the clitoris has also been minimized because it does not have specific reproductive function. Its size is unrecognized because it's *inside*.

Can people accept that people with clits not only have essentially the same size sex organs as cis men, but they can also feel



"nuclear strategic discourse
is weirdly sexualized
in a dominantly masculine way"

is the number one ingredient for making green. If he wants what they have but "bigger" and "better", and will stop at nothing to gain the leverage he will never have, capitalism is working.

In our redhot sexist, heavily militarized cesspool of a society, nuclear weapons and gender have undisputable connections. Dr. Carol Cohn, who is the founding director of the Consortium on Gender, Security and Human

Overcompensating for their lack of clitoral depth, the government continues to repress female and gender nonconforming sexuality, taking many steps to remove access to information as well as resources for reproductive and sexual health. Trump/#notmypresident has been trying to "cut" Medicaid funding, which 13 million American women of reproductive age rely on for family planning, STI testing and treatment and pregnancy-related care. According to the Guttmacher Institute, Medicaid accounts for 75% of all public dollars spent on family planning in the U.S., which helped women avoid nearly two million unintended pregnancies in 2014." (Maureen Shaw, "Trump's budget is an unmitigated disaster for abortion rights and reproductive health")

Not only is this lack of information disempowering sexual health for those with clits, it is empowering a systemic bully to repress female/gender nonconforming sexuality. Even Wikipedia tells us that cultural perceptions of the clit are significantly impacted by the lack of knowledge of the organ. Clits make people feel uncomfortable. Under 'Weird News' on Huffpost in 2013, an article titled "International Clitoris Awareness

Week' Takes Place May 6-12 (NSFW)" reveals a lot about our social psyche—"NSFW"=Not

Safe For Work. But you ask any teacher K-12 what they find drawn on desks and lockers more than anything else, I guarantee they will say penises. There's even a comically popularized motion for jerking off a penis, used to mean an array of things. What's the sign for getting off with a clit? Where's all the whimsical clit graffiti? One's relationship to the clit is not meant to even exist and especially not be glorified outside the realm of penis control. It's a matter of power, of insecurity, of

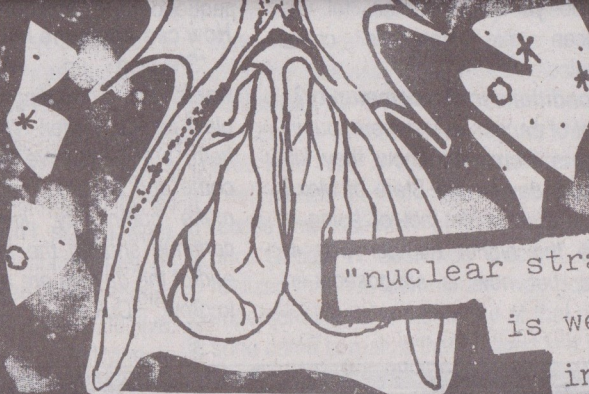
is dedicated solely to sexual pleasure. That it rivals the penis in size and has erectile tissue. With over 8,000 nerve endings, it contains more than double the number of nerves penises do. Best of all, the clit continues to grow. Not only during arousal, but also 4x its size by the age of 32. And 7x by menopause! (Tina C., "A Whole New Reason to Love Your Clit")

It's no coincidence that rad and glorious information about the clitoris is obscured in our society. For thousands of years, thanks to medical inaccuracies, moral objections, and the fact that most scientists, research subjects, and anatomists have historically had penises, precise charting and understanding of the clitoris remains tragically deficient. The significance of the clitoris has also been minimized because it does not have specific reproductive function. Its size is unrecognized because it's *inside*.

Can people accept that people with clits not only have essentially the same size sex organs as cis-men, but they can also feel more, have the capability of reproducing, and of getting aroused discreetly without exposing ourselves or blowing our loads? My guess is that some people can't—por. ejemplo, our president/notmypresident.

Is it any coincidence that a man who endorses grabbing women by the pussy has a childlike, pathetically unhinged obsession with size, of always having the biggest and the best—*My button is bigger than your button*. Not. Even. Possible. The desire to control others' bodies by asserting non-consensual and feigned dominance is one symptom of repressed envy, "a feeling of discontented or resentful longing aroused by someone else's possessions, qualities, or luck." (dictionary.com)

What happens when this longing cannot be fulfilled? This inability to accept truth, inadequacies and verguenza leads to a funny thing called clit/pussy envy. And feeling green



"nuclear strategic discourse
is weirdly sexualized
in a dominantly masculine way"

is the number one ingredient for making green. If he wants what they have but "bigger" and "better", and will stop at nothing to gain the leverage he will never have, capitalism is working.

In our redhot sexist, heavily militarized cesspool of a society, nuclear weapons and gender have undisputable connections. Dr. Carol Cohn, who is the founding director of the Consortium on Gender, Security and Human Rights, built her career in the world of nuclear security policy, having worked at Rand, a US institution for nuclear strategy. In her research, she discovered two key things: that "nuclear strategic discourse is weirdly sexualized in a dominantly masculine way, and that the technical jargon of nuclear strategic discourse is a *gendered discourse* that leverages masculinized and feminized concepts to police what can be thought in nuclear policy." Some terrifying examples of this include an ad for a "special bunker busting bomb, called a Kinetic Energy Penetrator, which included statements like 'designed to maximize runway cratering by optimizing penetration dynamics and utilizing the most efficient warhead yet designed.' Of this, Cohn says, "In case the symbolism of 'cratering'; seems far-fetched, I must point out that I am not the first to see it. The French use the Mururoa Atoll in the South Pacific for their nuclear tests and assign a woman's name to each of the craters they gouge out of the earth." (Aaron Johnson, "Missile envy")

perceptions of the clit are significantly impacted by the lack of knowledge of the organ. Clits make people feel uncomfortable. Under 'Weird News' on Huffpost in 2013, an article titled "International Clitoris Awareness Week' Takes Place May 6-12 (NSFW)" reveals a lot about our social psyche—'NSFW'=Not

Safe For Work. But you ask any teacher K-12 what they find drawn on desks and lockers more than anything else, I guarantee they will say penises. There's even a comically popularized motion for jerking off a penis, used to mean an array of things. What's the sign for getting off with a clit? Where's all the whimsical clit graffiti? One's relationship to the clit is not meant to even exist and especially not be glorified outside the realm of penis control. It's a matter of power, of insecurity, of fear and fear-mongering.

So what can we do? For starters, I'd like to bring back International Clitoris Awareness Week, initially started by Clitoraid in 2013, as the first week of May. (This year would be May 6 – May 12th.) Clitoraid, a nonprofit that aims to offer free medical services for the physical restoration of Female Genital Mutilation victims, found that whenever something has an 'awareness day,' it makes it more comfortable to talk about. Take a week to celebrate the only organ designed purely for pleasure. Make a giant glittery clit to take to festivals and concerts for people to hug and call it a Glitoris (an artist named Amanda Palmer already did that for real). Draw your own clit and make a clit collage with your friends. Visit your local sex shop and get ideas for creatively treating yourself. Continue to serve your clit communities by supporting proactive sex education. Study a diagram of the clit and learn the names of all its parts to impress your coworkers or your special person [; Knowledge is power. And pussies are meant to riot.

Pipeline sentencing: Outlaws in Robes

president/notmypresident

Is it any coincidence that a man who endorses grabbing women by the pussy has a childlike, pathetically unhinged obsession with size, of always having the biggest and the best—*My button is bigger than your button*. Not. Even. Possible. The desire to control others' bodies by asserting non-consensual and feigned dominance is one symptom of repressed envy, "a feeling of discontented or resentful longing aroused by someone else's possessions, qualities, or luck." (dictionary.com)

What happens when this longing cannot be fulfilled? This inability to accept truth, inadequacies and verguenza leads to a funny thing called *clit/pussy envy*. And feeling green

dominantly masculine way, and that the technical jargon of nuclear strategic discourse is a *gendered discourse* that leverages masculinized and feminized concepts to police what can be thought in nuclear policy." Some terrifying examples of this include an ad for a "special bunker busting bomb, called a Kinetic Energy Penetrator, which included statements like 'designed to maximize runway cratering by optimizing penetration dynamics and utilizing the most efficient warhead yet designed.' Of this, Cohn says, "In case the symbolism of 'cratering'; seems far-fetched, I must point out that I am not the first to see it. The French use the Mururoa Atoll in the South Pacific for their nuclear tests and assign a woman's name to each of the craters they gouge out of the earth." (Aaron Johnson, "Missile envy")

the first week of May. (This year would be May 6 – May 12th.) Clitoraid, a nonprofit that aims to offer free medical services for the physical restoration of Female Genital Mutilation victims, found that whenever something has an 'awareness day,' it makes it more comfortable to talk about. Take a week to celebrate the only organ designed purely for pleasure. Make a giant glittery clit to take to festivals and concerts for people to hug and call it a Glitoris (an artist named Amanda Palmer already did that for real). Draw your own clit and make a clit collage with your friends. Visit your local sex shop and get ideas for creatively treating yourself. Continue to serve your clit communities by supporting proactive sex education. Study a diagram of the clit and learn the names of all its parts to impress your coworkers or your special person [; Knowledge is power. And pussies are meant to riot.

Pipeline sentencing: Outlaws in Robes



By The Pukulatamuj brigade of the Imaginary Anarchist Federation

On December 18th, 2017, two Canadian anarchist comrades were sentenced for their role in a 2015 direct action in which Enbridge's Line 9 was shut down. Their affinity group accomplished this by physically closing a manual valve, thus proving that it was possible to safely shut down pipelines. This action, the first of its kind, inspired a wave of similar actions, including one in which 5 pipelines in 4 different states were shut down simultaneously.

At the sentencing, the judge gave the defendants a lecture. "You were convinced", he said, "that it was correct". He went on to compare the action with terrorist attacks such as Boston Marathon bombing and the Bataclan massacre in Paris, because all of these actions were ideologically motivated.

This judge is a representative of the very same Crown that has been responsible for atrocities much worse than the Boston Marathon bombing or the Bataclan massacre. The genocidal residential school system was presided over by many judges, and the human cost of this system has been much greater than the terrorist acts the judge cites. How dare you chastise our comrades, as if they were errant children, for disobeying your Law, when much greater atrocities have been committed by people using the Law as their weapon? It is your moral code, not ours, which is ill-conceived and naive.

You are old, and will not live to see the full extent of the coming cataclysm wrought by climate change and the crises it will precipitate. For those of us who must live with the consequences of your generation's failure to address the ecological crisis, we cannot tolerate the rape of Mother Earth that Enbridge and their malignant ilk daily engage in. Would you rather that we wallow hopelessly and helplessly, watching the web of life upon which our survival depends deteriorate further and further? The political channels you would have us believe in have clearly proven their inability to address the planetary crisis.

In your inane lecture, you compared Frederick Brabant to Hitler, for the reason that they both believed in a cause. The election of Hitler was legal, the actions of those who protected Jews from the Holocaust was illegal. The actions of slave-owners who whipped slaves was legal, the Underground Railroad was some outlaw shit. The residential school system was legal, indigenous ceremonies

were forbidden. It is an idiotic abasement of the human faculty for reasoning to equate lawful with right, and unlawful with wrong. The law, in every country, is created by its ruling class, according to the interests and inclinations of that class. What you are saying is, in effect, Might makes Right, and in doing so you place yourself in the spiritual company of the judges of countless oppressive regimes, who have legitimized terror and torture by upholding the Law.

There will come a day when the actions of water protectors will be seen in the same light as those who fought against slavery and imperial conquest in earlier generations. While we await that day, we will continue to fight in defense of Mother Earth, on behalf of future generations and all our relations, consequences be damned.

And make no mistake – our movement is growing. Those with their fingers on the pulse already know this – the rest of you will soon enough.

El Banco

Bilingual interview

By Renaldo Bellamy and Adelita Zero

This is the first part in a series of interviews of radical projects and struggles in Mexico. We are starting with our friends in El BANCO (acronym for Neighborhood with Art, Our Culture Organized), an ex-Bancomer (bank franchise) — now squat — that can be found in the municipality of Ecatepec; one of the marginalized neighborhoods on the outskirts of Mexico City where overpopulation, violence, and flooding are its most notorious aspects. In this complicated zone an incredibly horizontal, creative and solidary project has emerged that is looking to generate a change in its community.

Esta es la primera parte de una serie de entrevistas de proyectos y luchas radicales en México.

Empezamos con nuestros amigos en el BANCO (El Barrio con Arte, Nuestra Cultura Organizada), un ex-Bancomer -ahora okupa- que se encuentra en el Municipio de Ecatepec, uno de los barrios marginales de la ciudad de México en el que la sobrepoblación, violencia e inundaciones son sus aspectos más notorios. En esta zona tan complicada ha surgido un proyecto bastante horizontal, creativo y solidario que está buscando generar un cambio en su comunidad.

¿Cómo surgió el proyecto?

"Yo viviendo aquí desde que tengo 11 años ... no había algo que te influenciara de alguna manera positiva por decirlo, entonces terminamos en situaciones difíciles. Es parte del proyecto, no? Empezar a generar raíces, porque si sabemos de dónde venimos, pues sabemos a dónde vamos. Es importante que

¿Cómo son las condiciones de la comunidad?

"Hay un montón de peligro, en todos lados, pero en Ecatepec más. Sabemos que matan a cuatro mujeres al día [en el Edo. Mex.] nada más por el simple hecho de ser mujer. Antes la cifra mayor era Ciudad Juárez, ahora pues se supone que le gana Ecatepec. Uno de los objetivos es podemos mirar a los ojos y hacer comunidad entre todos y conocernos y poder cambiar de cierta manera el lugar en donde vivimos. Alrededor de este espacio hay mucha delincuencia y hay muchos espacios abandonados, sigue mucha gente robando. En este espacio ya no se meten, tal vez porque conocen que hacemos cosas diferentes." ~Dulce

How are the conditions in the community?

"There is a lot of danger, everywhere, but in Ecatepec there is more. We know they kill four women every day [in the State of Mex.] only because of the simple fact of being a woman. Before the higher number was in Ciudad Juárez, but now is supposedly in

with Mexico City bank occupiers

how to participate. There are egos, conflicts, but the desire to persevere has permitted us to hear one another. We are a group that tries to give feedback to each other. Three years is not much, but it is owed to the fact that we have listened and had patience." ~Lalo

¿Cómo se puede apoyar al proyecto?

"Viniedo, buscando talleres, difundiendo, trayendo una planta para el huerto. Hay muchas maneras de apoyar, pero sobre todo nos gustaría que vinieran y fuéramos compas, compartir algo y hacer comunidad; conocernos y seguir compartiendo el espacio, porque al final de cuentas si somos un grupo pequeño, queremos que crezca". ~Dulce

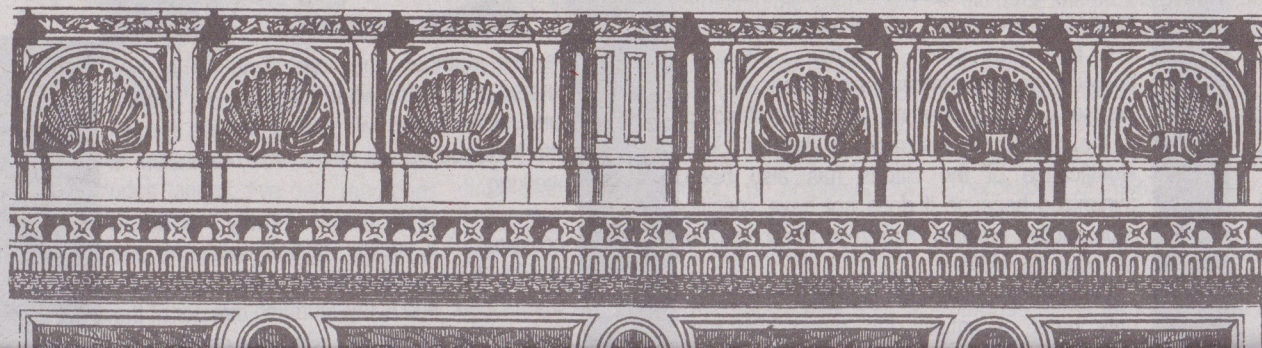
How can someone help the project?

"Showing up. We are looking for workshops, spreading the word, bringing a plant for the garden. There are many ways to help, but overall we would like that people come and become friends, share something, make community; know each other and continue sharing the space, because at the end of the day we are a small group, we want to grow." ~Dulce

okupa pero es algo desconocido y ése es un gran problema, ¿Cómo haces que la gente pase a un banco en donde iba a meter dinero y ahora no tiene ese fin? Al contrario, en ese banco están regalando cosas y a lo mejor es así cómo lo hemos solucionado. Al principio venían nadamás gente de otros lados y la gente a la que está dirigida el espacio no estaba aquí; a los que queremos sacar de ese hoyo negro de la violencia, los asesinatos, las drogas, los robos. Lo hemos resuelto con actividades, obras de teatro, música, la gratifiera, salimos a repartir propaganda para que la gente venga." ~Jakie y UnoConHambre

What problems have you encountered and how were they solved?

"One of the problems was that the people didn't want to approach. They don't know its a squat but its something unknown, and this is a big problem. How do you get the people to enter a bank where before you deposited money and now it does not have this purpose? The opposite, in this bank they are giving things away, and maybe this is how we have solved it, gifting. In the beginning the



generate a change in its community.
Ésta es la primera parte de una serie de entrevistas de proyectos y luchas radicales en México.

Empezamos con nuestros amigos en el BANCO (El Barrio con Arte, Nuestra Cultura Organizada), un ex-Bancomer -ahora okupa- que se encuentra en el Municipio de Ecatepec, uno de los barrios marginales de la ciudad de México en el que la sobrepoblación, violencia e inundaciones son sus aspectos más notorios. En esta zona tan complicada ha surgido un proyecto bastante horizontal, creativo y solidario que está buscando generar un cambio en su comunidad.

¿Cómo surgió el proyecto?

"Yo viviendo aquí desde que tengo 11 años ... no había algo que te influenciara de alguna manera positiva por decirlo, entonces terminamos en situaciones difíciles. Es parte del proyecto, no? Empezar a generar raíces, porque si sabemos de dónde venimos, pues sabemos a dónde vamos. Es importante que en estos tiempos de capitalismo, donde todo es consumo y centros comerciales, pues existan este tipo de lugares aquí.

"De tantos años trabajando en la colonia, tuvimos la fuerza un día de ver el Banco deshabitado y decir, vamos a ocuparlo."
~UnoConHambre

How did the project begin?

"Living here since I was 11 years old, there was nothing to influence you in a positive way so to say, so we ended up in difficult situations. Its part of the project, no? Begin to generate roots, because if we know where we come from, well we know where we are going. Its important in in these times of capitalism, where everything is consumption and shopping centers, that places like this exist here.

"From so many years working in this neighborhood, one day we had the strength to look at the bank uninhabited and say, lets occupy it." ~UnoConHambre

¿De qué se trata el proyecto?

"El proyecto es rescatar el espacio para integrar a la comunidad mediante talleres, eventos culturales, además de que está en una zona muy conflictiva. De todo lo malo que existe aquí, sacar algo bueno mediante el

En este espacio ya no se meten, tal vez porque conocen que hacemos cosas diferentes." ~Dulce

How are the conditions in the community?

"There is a lot of danger, everywhere, but in Ecatepec there is more. We know they kill four women every day [in the State of Mex.] only because of the simple fact of being a woman. Before the higher number was in Ciudad Juárez, but now is supposedly in

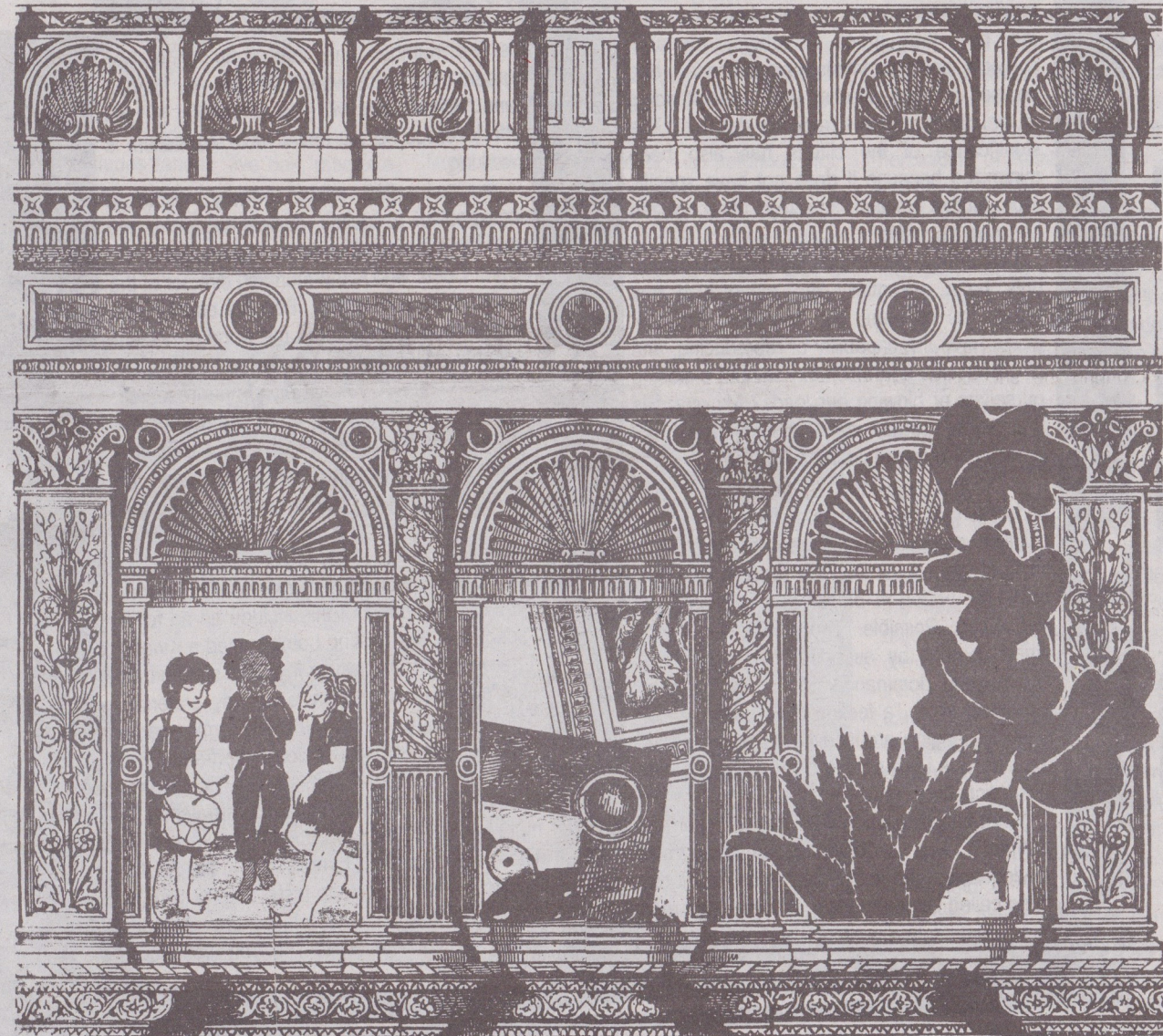
pequeño, queremos que crezca." ~Dulce

How can someone help the project?

"Showing up. We are looking for workshops, spreading the word, bringing a plant for the garden. There are many ways to help, but overall we would like that people come and become friends, share something, make community, know each other and continue sharing the space, because at the end of the day we are a small group, we want to grow." ~Dulce

what problems have you encountered and how were they solved?

"One of the problems was that the people didn't want to approach. They don't know its a squat but its something unknown, and this is a big problem. How do you get the people to enter a bank where before you deposited money and now it does not have this purpose? The opposite, in this bank they are giving things away, and maybe this is how we have solved it, gifting. In the beginning the



Ecatepec.

One of the objectives is to be able to look in each other's eyes and make

¿Están involucrados con otros proyectos?

"Afortunadamente si. Creemos que involucramos con otros proyectos ya a

only people that came were from other places and the people that this space is directed to weren't here; those that we wanted to take out of the black hole of violence, murders, drugs, robbery. We have resolved it with activities

deshabitado y decir, vamos a ocuparlo.
~UnoConHambre

How did the project begin?

"Living here since I was 11 years old, there was nothing to influence you in a positive way so to say, so we ended up in difficult situations. Its part of the project, no? Begin to generate roots, because if we know where we come from, well we know where we are going. Its important in in these times of capitalism, where everything is consumption and shopping centers, that places like this exist here.

"From so many years working in this neighborhood, one day we had the strength to look at the bank uninhabited and say, lets occupy it." ~UnoConHambre

¿De qué se trata el proyecto?

"El proyecto es rescatar el espacio para integrar a la comunidad mediante talleres, eventos culturales, además de que está en una zona muy conflictiva. De todo lo malo que existe aquí, sacar algo bueno mediante el compañerismo y la organización." ~Samara

"Funciona como un faro, como un escenario, un lugar de exposición de otros proyectos; hay muchas formas de participar como en el huerto. Es un espacio que permite que sea una galería de arte donde hay una exposición que constantemente se cambia con artistas locales de gráfica, de pintura y escultura." ~Lalo

What is the project about?

"The project is to rescue the space to integrate the community through workshops, cultural events, even with it being in a conflict zone. Of all the bad that exists here, bring out something good through companionship and organization." ~Samara

"It works like a beacon, a stage, a place of exposition of other projects; there are many forms of participation, like in the garden. Its a space that allows itself to be an art gallery where there is an exposition that is constantly changing with local artists of visual arts, painting and sculpture." ~Lalo

Ecatepec.

One of the objectives is to be able to look in each other's eyes and make community between all of us and to know one another and be able to change in some sort of way the place we live. Around this space there is a lot of crime and there are a lot of abandoned places, there are still a lot of people stealing. They don't come inside this place anymore, maybe because they know we are doing different things." ~Dulce

Cómo se organizan?

"Hacemos juntas en donde cada quien desde su área expone las necesidades de los proyectos que está teniendo y conforme a eso se hace un acuerdo de cómo se puede participar. Hay egos, conflictos, pero el deseo de prevalecer nos ha permitido escucharnos. Somos un grupo que trata de retroalimentarse uno del otro. Tres años no es mucho, pero se debe a que nos hemos escuchado y tenido paciencia." ~Lalo

How do you organize?

"We have meetings where each from their area explains the needs of their project and according to this an agreement is made on



¿Están involucrados con otros proyectos?

"Afortunadamente si. Creemos que involucramos con otros proyectos va a permitir que nos fortalezcamos. El BANCO como tal, es una estructura vulnerable, es una okupa, estamos sin permiso de nadie y por las situaciones políticas y sociales ahorita estamos bien, después no sabemos. Las redes y el apoyo de otros espacios es lo que nos podría hacer el paro de que esto no se venga abajo." ~Lalo

Are you involved with other projects?

"We believe that involving ourselves with other projects will permit us to become stronger. El BANCO as it is, is a vulnerable structure, its a squat, we have the permission of no one and because of the political and social situations now we are ok, later we don't know. Social networks and the support of other spaces could be what keeps this place from going down."

¿Qué problemas han encontrado y cómo lo solucionaron?

"Uno de los problemas era que la gente no se acercaba. La gente no sabe qué es una

only people that came were from other places and the people that this space is directed to weren't here; those that we wanted to take out of the black hole of violence, murders, drugs, robbery. We have resolved it with activities, plays, music, the freefair, we go out and distribute propaganda so the people will come." ~Jakie y UnoConHambre

¿Qué planes tienen para el futuro?

"Al final, si tu logras que una persona salga de aquí con una mentalidad diferente, no va a importar que no esté el BANCO, esa persona va a salir y fundar un Banco en donde sea. Eso lo hemos hecho y lo hemos replicado varias veces y sabemos que es posible." ~Pavel

What plans do you have for the future?

"In the end, if you achieve that one person leaves here with a different mentality, it doesn't matter if there is no BANCO, that person will go out and start a BANCO wherever. We have done it and we have replicated it multiple times and we know it is possible." ~Pavel

Find them on facebook as BANCO / Encuéntralos en facebook como BANCO @ReventonCultural

STRANDED AT THE BORDER

* caught in limbo in Tijuana *

By Josef Dobraszczyk

The city of Tijuana in Mexico lies exactly on the border with the US, and from many points in the city there is a clear view of the wall stretching all the way across the hills. On one side, a densely packed urban metropolis fills space as far as the eye can see, and on the other there lies a relatively untouched area of grassland interspersed with the occasional housing development. At the border crossing itself giant flags of each country are raised high above the buildings, visible for all to see while waiting in line to cross. On the San Diego side the wait to cross is rarely longer than half an hour, while on the Tijuana side it can be up to 3 hours going into the US ("the other side", as the USA is colloquially called by everyone here). This is the most crossed border in the world, and you can feel the atmosphere of life as a border town on the streets of Tijuana, permeating into businesses, shops and markets.

In the last years, thousands of Haitian migrants arrived, traveling on the promise of work, based on the previous status offering legal asylum to enter the USA. With this status now changed however, they now find themselves stranded in limbo living in shelters that are often over-filled and under resourced.

Many of this community are highly skilled and educated, often having worked in a number of Latin American countries prior to Mexico, picking up various professions to work wherever possible and learning new languages along the way. In the wake of the cataclysmic 2010 hurricane that destroyed much of the

are three main members in the Tijuana team, working with a Haitian community of over four thousand (known) migrants in the city. The team regularly drive across the expansive urban area of Tijuana with food and supplies for shelters, including footballs, coloring books and children's toys. Although some of the larger shelters possess a well developed infrastructure, many smaller shelters the group visit have poor access, without regular bus connections or paved roads in some cases, becoming almost inaccessible during periods of heavy rain. At one shelter the pastor explains how she built the wooden housing cabins, a lady in her 60's, sometimes working alone in running the centre.

pastors that have responded to the crisis by offering such spaces as housing for large numbers of people. Before the large-scale migration of the Haitian community began in earnest during 2016, many pastors had little to no experience in running spaces set up like this, usually taking on these roles without any formal support. As a result, the internal organization in shelters is sometimes fragmented, with no government or centralized network co-ordinating needs across the city, where resources may be readily available.

When delivering donations, the Border Angels group make frequent use of social media, personally thanking individuals from the US who have recently donated to the group.

people raised in the USA, finding themselves suddenly deported and stranded in Tijuana, a city that can often feel unwelcoming and tense, very much a foreign country for those unaccustomed to the hustle of it all.

An organization working closely with these migrant communities is 'Madres y Familias, Deportados en Acción', quite literally a frontline service based out of a small office almost directly on the border crossing. The offices are open five days a week offering vital legal support for migrants but with a constant supply of coffee, food and phone charging space, it feels like more of a refuge or community centre than office. The project was set up by the tireless Maria Gallette, working as policy



itself giant flags of each country are raised high above the buildings, visible for all to see while waiting in line to cross. On the San Diego side the wait to cross is rarely longer than half an hour, while on the Tijuana side it can be up to 3 hours going into the US ("the other side", as the USA is colloquially called by everyone here). This is the most crossed border in the world, and you can feel the atmosphere of life as a border town on the streets of Tijuana, permeating into businesses, shops and markets.

In the last years, thousands of Haitian migrants arrived, traveling on the promise of work, based on the previous status offering legal asylum to enter the USA. With this status now changed however, they now find themselves stranded in limbo living in shelters that are often over-filled and under resourced.

Many of this community are highly skilled and educated, often having worked in a number of Latin American countries prior to Mexico, picking up various professions to work wherever possible and learning new languages along the way. In the wake of the cataclysmic 2010 hurricane that destroyed much of the country, many migrated to Brazil for readily available work during the successive World Cup and Olympics in 2012 and 2014. With a struggling economy and work drying up there, many felt no choice but to leave the country towards the US.

With the recent change to legal status for Haitians and an increasingly strict deportation policy taking shape in the US, Tijuana is now a place of limbo for thousands of Haitian people. "Many people are just waiting for something to happen in the US, for Trump to be killed or some major change to take place," says Hugo Castro of the Border Angels organization. For the foreseeable future then, thousands of Haitian people are indefinitely living here, with no sign of a slowdown in new arrivals entering into shelters.

Charity groups are using the term 'humanitarian crisis' where government officials often seem unwilling to. Such groups are emphasizing the permanent nature of population change within the city, advocating

connections or paved roads in some cases, becoming almost inaccessible during periods of heavy rain. At one shelter the pastor explains how she built the wooden housing cabins, a lady in her 60's, sometimes working alone in running the centre.

network co-ordinating needs across the city, where resources may be readily available.

When delivering donations, the Border Angels group make frequent use of social media, personally thanking individuals from the US who have recently donated to the group.

open five days a week offering vital legal support for migrants but with a constant supply of coffee, food and phone charging space, it feels like more of a refuge or community centre than office. The project was set up by the tireless Maria Gallette, working as policy



Alexandre Alfonso

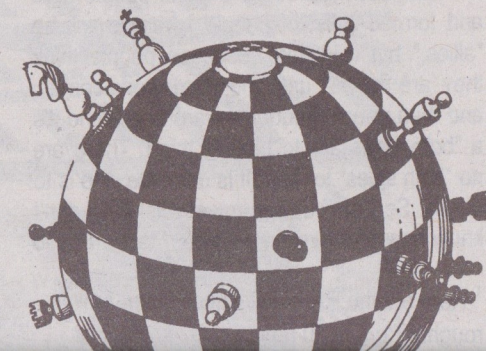
The Border Angels team walk around a shelter assessing some of their needs. Hugo Castro mentions the exposed wiring and multiple electrical connections scattered around. The conversation with pastors around the needs of the shelter is always impassioned, with both sides keenly aware of the financial and physical limitations of developing the shelters.

During the morning meeting at another shelter the discussion is centered on how food should be distributed for communal meals. It

Nearly all their interactions at the shelters are livestreamed, where much of the donations the group receive are sustained in large part by their social media connection to those in the US. Alongside essential supplies, these donations are used to fund new construction and housing projects. The response to the group is more hostile in one shelter however, as one young man plainly states "we are not monkeys here for you to come with a sack of rice to take pictures with. If you want to know how it is, come here and talk with us. It is a crisis, but there are lots of other things you can do to help". It's a frank and clear statement from someone now clearly accustomed to the wave of journalists currently flocking to Tijuana

campaigner, legal adviser, part-time guidance counsellor and mother all in one.

The future is most definitely unwritten for Tijuana and the migrant communities across all of Mexico. It remains to be seen how the



struggling economy and work drying up there many felt no choice but to leave the country towards the US.

With the recent change to legal status for Haitians and an increasingly strict deportation policy taking shape in the US, Tijuana is now a place of limbo for thousands of Haitian people. "Many people are just waiting for something to happen in the US, for Trump to be killed or some major change to take place," says Hugo Castro of the Border Angels organization. For the foreseeable future then, thousands of Haitian people are indefinitely living here, with no sign of a slowdown in new arrivals entering into shelters.

Charity groups are using the term 'humanitarian crisis' where government officials often seem unwilling to. Such groups are emphasizing the permanent nature of population change within the city, advocating

Alexandre Alfonso

The Border Angels team walk around a shelter assessing some of their needs. Hugo Castro mentions the exposed wiring and multiple electrical connections scattered around. The conversation with pastors around the needs of the shelter is always impassioned, with both sides keenly aware of the financial and physical limitations of developing the shelters.

During the morning meeting at another shelter the discussion is centered on how food should be distributed for communal meals. It

Nearly all their interactions at the shelters are livestreamed, where much of the donations the group receive are sustained in large part by their social media connection to those in the US. Alongside essential supplies, these donations are used to fund new construction and housing projects. The response to the group is more hostile in one shelter however, as one young man plainly states "we are not monkeys here for you to come with a sack of rice to take pictures with. If you want to know how it is, come here and talk with us. It is a crisis, but there are lots of other things you can do to help". It's a frank and clear statement from someone now clearly accustomed to the wave of journalists currently flocking to Tijuana.

Undoubtedly civil society groups are overstretched and working relentlessly in response to the crisis, yet there seems to be a relationship of dependency that exists for many living in shelters. Speaking with people here the question asked is often if it is possible to help find a job. People are working hard to create a life here in Mexico, yet many are hampered by a lack of legal working status or adequate connections within the city. A wider working network with the Mexican community is still an issue for many, as people recount tales of their positive experiences working in Brazil, finding it easier to connect with society in general than here in Mexico. The charities are doing all they can to provide for people living in shelters, but many of the social barriers to life in the Mexican community are still firmly in place.

The Haitian community are not the only group feeling the effects of border policies here in Tijuana, with an increasing number of Mexican 'deportandos' out on the streets, often

campaigner, legal adviser, part-time guidance counsellor and mother all in one.

The future is most definitely unwritten for Tijuana and the migrant communities across all of Mexico. It remains to be seen how the

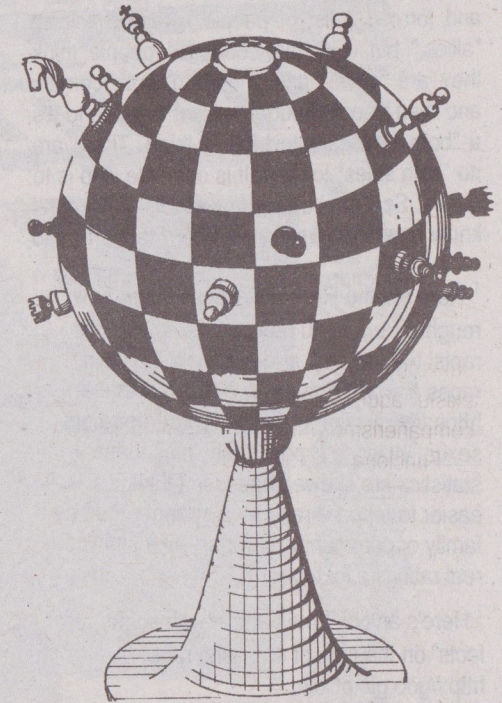


greater efforts to include the marginalized Haitian community in Tijuana society. They accuse the Mexican government of failing to offer adequate support to those living in shelters, often relying largely on charitable donations or working in unregistered temporary labour.

One organization working with the shelters are the group Border Angels (*Los Angeles de la Frontera*), a cross-border effort based in Mexico and San Diego, with the US side primarily focused on fundraising, with the Tijuana side delivering these donations. There

seems like an essential discussion in the life of a shelter, that always have sets of agreed rules displayed boldly on the wall regarding meal times and many other aspects of communal space. In the meeting, three men including the pastor stand at the front of the converted church speaking, with a translation from Spanish to Creole French. It seems like a rough and ready decision making process, with people often talking over each other and some walking out midway in frustration.

Most shelters housing the Haitian community are converted churches, led by



government, charities and civil society groups will work together, how the network of shelters will cope and adapt to increasing numbers, and how new communities will connect with each other in Tijuana and across Mexican border towns. It seems likely dramatic changes around migration on the border will continue under the Trump administration in the US, while the response from people in the US and Mexico has been just as strong in supporting independent groups looking to bridge the divide and support all those affected by the border.

• D E A R • J

TOOLS FOR BUILDING COMMUNITY PROCESSES TO CENTER

Dear Joan,

I'm writing to you from the underground music scene of a town that seems big, but is smaller than you'd think.

An individual in our community has admitted to raping three women. His friends all think he has paid enough of a price since he sometimes feels awkward going out. I am disappointed in the way this is being handled, as no one seems sure of what to do, and many want to pretend it is okay now. People still support the band he is in, still go to shows and play shows with him, praise him for his "honesty" in "admitting it" (even though he only admitted it after it became public), and insist he is getting better and deserves a second chance. A lot of this comes from some kind of strange pseudo-hippy "love"/"forgiveness"/"vibe"/"don't judge" thing which is maybe the worst kind of liberalism? Either way no one is taking account of how supporting him is affecting the survivors.

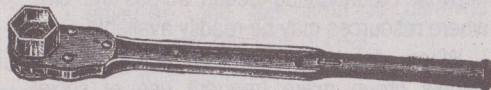
One of the survivors had the courage to bring her rape out to the public, and that is how all of this became known. Now she has been basically ostracized by the community. Some have done it intentionally, because they think she is "crazy." Others have done it as a matter of neglect – because they haven't chosen a side. No one wants to choose a side. But I think that is irresponsible. What do you think?

I do not know the other two survivors, but one of them put posters all over town about what happened to her. She is scared for her life. None of them can access spaces he is in, and I want to change this. I want to form a

to learn to communicate better, or choose allies carefully, and I am open to advice on that as well.

My hope is to get a group that will kindly clear space in venues and bars, and especially at shows, for survivors, by having "protectors" of some kind who will ask rapists to leave. I know other communities have groups that do similar things, but I am just researching this now and I know it is a hard ideal to achieve.

In Solidarity, A Little Less Yuck



Dear ALLY,

Thanks for writing in! I should say that I'm not any kind of certified authority on handling rape in community—here at *Slingshot*, we don't believe in authorities—but I can certainly share with you my thoughts, and draw from the 15+ years of experience I've had dealing with rape, stalking, and sexual violence within community organizations, and also from my experience as a survivor of rape and as a co-counselor to rape victims. When I can, I'll try to back up my statements with statistics (cuz unlike authoritarians, I don't think people should believe what I say just cuz I say so) but that said, I'm convinced that pretty much all current datasets on rape are broken due to underreporting & underfunding of research.

First, dang. All I can say is...how does it feel to be the one sane person in a SEA OF FUCKING MORONS? I mean, sorry, but WOW! Clearly, lot of people in your

are like Freddy Krueger rather than what they are: actual, real people.

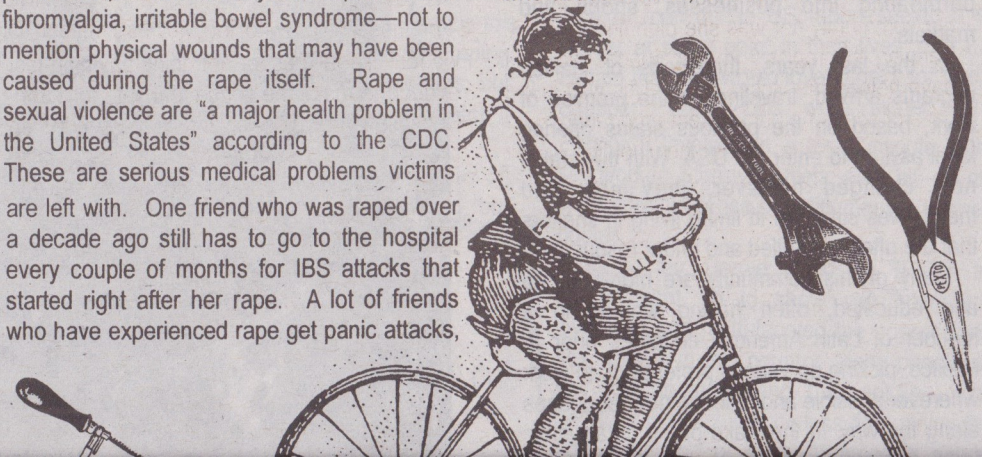
I'm sorry to hear that people in your community are calling the victims "crazy." I wish I could say that's unusual. I hate to be the one to say it, but in a personality contest between a victim and their rapist, the victim will almost always lose. This is because a serial rapist is more likely to have narcissistic personality², and because the victim is likely to be dealing with a slew of medical issues in the wake of being raped that are likely to, well, "reduce their social capital."

A 2010 study by the Center for Disease Control showed that 81% of women who experience rape or gender-based violence report having serious medical consequences³. Rape victims will often have random PTSD triggers, panic attacks, disassociation, flashbacks, suicidal thoughts and behavior, moderate to severe depression, digestive problems, nervous system problems, fibromyalgia, irritable bowel syndrome—not to mention physical wounds that may have been caused during the rape itself. Rape and sexual violence are "a major health problem in the United States" according to the CDC. These are serious medical problems victims are left with. One friend who was raped over a decade ago still has to go to the hospital every couple of months for IBS attacks that started right after her rape. A lot of friends who have experienced rape get panic attacks,

What a bummer that no one believed the first victim! But this guy was a smooth operator.

Rapists often put a lot of effort into grooming entire communities to support their behavior. A serial rapist is often surrounded by serial rape apologists. Just look at Harvey Weinstein's staff: there were several older women on the staff of his company who he'd groomed to say things like "that's just the way Harvey is—he's a touchy guy" to victims and concerned observers. The aim of any serial rapist is to train the people around them to make excuses for them and support their behavior so they can keep doing it. What's crazy is how easily people fall in line and do this.

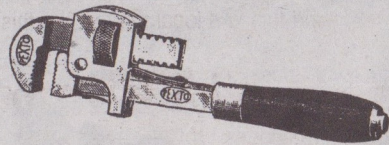
Colonial capitalism has hecka trained us to rally our care and labor around supporting people who harm others—people who abuse the environment, people who abuse workers, people who abuse indigenous people, people who abuse women, etc. We're all trained from



second chance. A lot of this comes from some kind of strange pseudo-hippy "love"/"forgiveness"/"vibe"/"don't judge" thing which is maybe the worst kind of liberalism? Either way no one is taking account of how supporting him is affecting the survivors.

One of the survivors had the courage to bring her rape out to the public, and that is how all of this became known. Now she has been basically ostracized by the community. Some have done it intentionally, because they think she is "crazy." Others have done it as a matter of neglect — because they haven't chosen a side. No one wants to choose a side. But I think that is irresponsible. What do you think?

I do not know the other two survivors, but one of them put posters all over town about what happened to her. She is scared for her life. None of them can access spaces he is in, and I want to change this. I want to form a



group to begin opening up spaces for survivors by kindly removing rapists from them. Something has to be done to let survivors know they belong, and that this is their community too. I am deeply afraid that my friend and the other two women will leave our city and he will stay and it will all be forgotten about. I am also afraid he will rape again. He has continued to display predatory behavior. He still tries to get women drunk, and no one calls him out.

I have reached out to a lot of people here and formed a list of people I believe will be "allies," but it is hard, because people think they are "allies" until the hard work comes, and then people suddenly want to pretend it's a "both sides are to blame" thing. There are no "both sides" to rape. It is one side who is to blame. So I am building my ally list but I don't know how effective that will be. Maybe I need

¹ Here are the RAINN statistics about how roughly 7 out of 10 rape victims knew their rapist beforehand, and also how 1/3 child rapes are perpetrated by a family member: <https://www.rainn.org/statistics/perpetrators-sexual-violence> (I personally think these statistics are skewed because I think it's

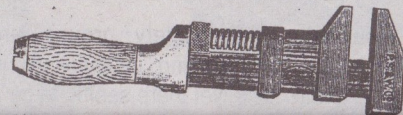
Dear ALLY,

Thanks for writing in! I should say that I'm not any kind of certified authority on handling rape in community—here at *Slingshot*, we don't believe in authorities—but I can certainly share with you my thoughts, and draw from the 15+ years of experience I've had dealing with rape, stalking, and sexual violence within community organizations, and also from my experience as a survivor of rape and as a co-counselor to rape victims. When I can, I'll try to back up my statements with statistics (cuz unlike authoritarians, I don't think people should believe what I say just cuz I say so) but that said, I'm convinced that pretty much all current datasets on rape are broken due to underreporting & underfunding of research.

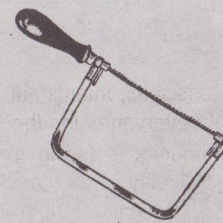
First, dang. All I can say is...how does it feel to be the one sane person in a SEA OF FUCKING MORONS? I mean, sorry, but WOW! Clearly, lot of people in your community don't have a clue what rape is! All this "both sides are to blame" and "he's been punished enough" bullshit must be super aggravating! It's that kind of stuff that makes you want to beat your head against a brick wall. GAHHHHHH!

So, when I was in college, one of my friends learned that his little sister had been raped by his dad (~30% of kids who report being raped were raped by a family member¹), and my friend did this totally dissociated thing of trying to get his sister to "make up with" his dad. Like, WTF! If someone was mauled by a dog, would you fucking insist that they "make up with" the dog?! That relationship is done. There is no longer a relationship, there is a disaster. Rape isn't a conflict. There are no two sides to nothing.

I've come to learn that hella cognitive dissonance is totally normal when people learn that someone in their life has been raped by someone else in their life. Maybe one of the reasons for this dissonance is the Hollywood stereotype that all rapists are creepy "Jack the Ripper" types—inhuman monsters who spend their lives lurking in dark alleyways with creepy violin music playing in the background. Most people don't realize that's it's not like that at all. It's more like



report having serious medical consequences. Rape victims will often have random PTSD triggers, panic attacks, disassociation, flashbacks, suicidal thoughts and behavior, moderate to severe depression, digestive problems, nervous system problems, fibromyalgia, irritable bowel syndrome—not to mention physical wounds that may have been caused during the rape itself. Rape and sexual violence are "a major health problem in the United States" according to the CDC. These are serious medical problems victims are left with. One friend who was raped over a decade ago still has to go to the hospital every couple of months for IBS attacks that started right after her rape. A lot of friends who have experienced rape get panic attacks,



which feel like heart attacks—they're really scary and fuck up your week!

So, being raped and its medical consequences are likely to seriously mess up your social game. Rape victims will be more likely to "flake out" on social events (due to flare-ups of rape-related medical problems). The victim is more likely to yell or act erratic (cuz random trauma triggers can lead to adrenaline rushes, dissociation, and other PTSD symptoms). Also, when triggered, a victim is likely to experience flashbacks of not just the rape but *all the harm they've ever experienced in their whole dang life*—cuz yeah, the synapses for traumatic memories are often bound together in the nervous system and trigger each other.

Serial rapists are able to capitalize off of how predictable these symptoms are. The rapist might use their victim's state to discredit their claim of having been raped, or, like in the case of the rapist you're talking about, they might subtly try to frame things as: "Who do you all want in your community, that nervous wreck, or me?"

Five years ago, I was living in a co-op house, and we had a serial assaulter move in

Colonial capitalism has hecka trained us to rally our care and labor around supporting people who harm others—people who abuse the environment, people who abuse workers, people who abuse indigenous people, people who abuse women, etc. We're all trained from



birth in this broken, unsustainable and stupid culture to form hierarchies that center abusers and excuse and accommodate their behavior. For a whole community to fold itself into a cushy extension of rapists' raping habits is

group to begin opening up spaces for survivors by kindly removing rapists from them. Something has to be done to let survivors know they belong, and that this is their community too. I am deeply afraid that my friend and the other two women will leave our city and he will stay and it will all be forgotten about. I am also afraid he will rape again. He has continued to display predatory behavior. He still tries to get women drunk, and no one calls him out.

I have reached out to a lot of people here and formed a list of people I believe will be "allies," but it is hard, because people think they are "allies" until the hard work comes, and then people suddenly want to pretend it's a "both sides are to blame" thing. There are no "both sides" to rape. It is one side who is to blame. So I am building my ally list but I don't know how effective that will be. Maybe I need

¹ Here are the RAINN statistics about how roughly 7 out of 10 rape victims knew their rapist beforehand, and also how 1/3 child rapes are perpetrated by a family member: <https://www.rainn.org/statistics/perpetrators-sexual-violence> (I personally think these statistics are skewed because I think it's easier to report a rape by a stranger than by a family or community member—like I think the real ratio is a lot higher.)

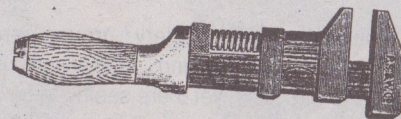
² Here's an NY Times article with some "fun facts" on the type of men who rape: <http://goo.gl/xoCc2q>

³ According to the CDC, 1 in 5 women report being raped, but according to other research (see below), it is estimated that between 64% and 96% of rapes go unreported, so the number's probably closer to 3 out of 5 women. That's a huge percentage of the population walking around with serious medical problems due to rape!! (other research: goo.gl/XFuayg)

you want to beat your head against a brick wall. GAHHHHHH!

So, when I was in college, one of my friends learned that his little sister had been raped by his dad (~30% of kids who report being raped were raped by a family member!), and my friend did this totally dissociated thing of trying to get his sister to "make up with" his dad. Like, WTF! If someone was mauled by a dog, would you fucking insist that they "make up with" the dog?! That relationship is done. There is no longer a relationship, there is a disaster. Rape isn't a conflict. There are no two sides to nothing.

I've come to learn that hella cognitive dissonance is totally normal when people learn that someone in their life has been raped by someone else in their life. Maybe one of the reasons for this dissonance is the Hollywood stereotype that all rapists are creepy "Jack the Ripper" types—inhuman monsters who spend their lives lurking in dark alleyways with creepy violin music playing in the background. Most people don't realize that's it's not like that at all. It's more like



Battlestar Galatica, like how everyone is surprised when they find out someone's a cylon cuz "they seemed like a real person!" (cuz, they are real people, duh!)—that's how rapists are: real people. And they are among us. Totally like cylon. A majority of rapes happen between people who knew each other in advance¹, so there's likely a social network that surrounds the victim and the rapist, and yeah, I guess it's hard for a lot of people to understand the severity of rape when they just saw the victim and the perpetrator just the other day having such a nice time together, and it doesn't help when they have this unrealistic image in their heads that rapists

which feel like heart attacks—they're really scary and fuck up your week!

So, being raped and its medical consequences are likely to seriously mess up your social game. Rape victims will be more likely to "flake out" on social events (due to flare-ups of rape-related medical problems). The victim is more likely to yell or act erratic (cuz random trauma triggers can lead to adrenaline rushes, dissociation, and other PTSD symptoms). Also, when triggered, a victim is likely to experience flashbacks of not just the rape but *all the harm they've ever experienced in their whole dang life*—cuz yeah, the synapses for traumatic memories are often bound together in the nervous system and trigger each other.

Serial rapists are able to capitalize off of how predictable these symptoms are. The rapist might use their victim's state to discredit their claim of having been raped, or, like in the case of the rapist you're talking about, they might subtly try to frame things as: "Who do you all want in your community, that nervous wreck, or me?"

Five years ago, I was living in a co-op house, and we had a serial assaulter move in who was a PhD student in psychiatry and who proclaimed himself to be an "expert in Nonviolent Communication." After he'd assault a woman, he'd make a big deal about how she was "yelling" and that this was a form of "emotional violence" and then he'd offer to give her free training in NVC, at which point she'd move out in terror. He'd say to the other housemates: "A lot of insecure women find a strong man like me to be upsetting" and "I refuse to back down when they project their rape trauma onto me." Like, holy shit! He managed to assault three women before everyone figured out what was going on. Well, no... No one figured it out actually: he was caught in the act by another housemate.



birth in this broken, unsustainable and stupid culture to form hierarchies that center abusers and excuse and accommodate their behavior. For a whole community to fold itself into a cushy extension of rapists' raping habits is really no surprise. It's the norm in capitalist culture, not the exception.

The fact that some people in your community are saying "he's suffered enough" shows that they are thinking more about punishing the rapist (which is a way of centering the rapist) rather than holding space for the healing of the victims. The community strategy of handling rape must always ever be focused on the victims' healing and community safety.

Back in 2014, I was teaching a free community writing class and one of my students wrote something that we published in *Slingshot*. Then we were contacted by someone from out-of-state who said that



O A N

THE HEALING OF RAPE VICTIMS

person had raped someone in their community, and thus should be banned from all of our community spaces in the Bay. I was glad we got the email: I discretely informed several likeminded community members to keep a close watch on the rapist. But were we going to ban the guy? Drive him out of every infoshop, hacker space, and house show in the area? He had already been banned from an entire extensive community in another state, and I believe his reason for moving to our region was to try to rebuild his life. Many of us of course kept an eye on him, and no rapes (that we know) of occurred. But yeah, wow, the fact that those folks in the other city were hellbent on "ban him from everywhere on the planet!" was just nonsensical. Like, the person who sent the email wasn't the victim, and there was no indication that she was in contact with the victim. Also, based on the info she sent, the victim was going to college in another state! She had never been part of our community nor was she planning to join it. Banning the rapist from our spaces wouldn't have helped the victim *at all*. This was just a case of someone punishment-mongering.

A lot of people, rather than holding space for the victims' stories and healing, will do this self-centered ego-driven thing of taking it upon



themselves to punish the rapist. This vigilante bullshit comes from a childish desire to play hero, and is a way of centering yourself rather

working on creating a network of people who kindly ask rapists to leave community spaces for the sake of allowing their victims to be in those spaces is huge! It is also huge for members of the community to educate themselves about what rape does to people, and about how important it is to avoid saying and doing shit that can re-traumatize victims.

I wish we could say that in the *Slingshot* / Long Haul community, we've figured this out, but the truth is, we're still working through it too. There are always new people who join our community who haven't yet watched this pattern go down, people who "refuse to take sides." I wish I could say there was some easy way to convince these folks to be more proactive, but you can't make up other people's minds for them. They have to do the work themselves. We have very tragically lost multiple amazing women from our collective who had been victimized by people who used the building or who were also in the collective. For those of us who the victims confided in, we feel like failures for not doing anything fast enough to make the space feel safe for them. Because of our indecisiveness, they ended up re-encountering their perpetrator, and had to leave the collective (and the area) as they grappled with their trauma and their need to find somewhere safe. Those were people who brought wisdom and light to our project and community, and the *Slingshot* loft will always be just a little bit dimmer now that they are gone.

Holding space for rape victims to heal (rather than centering rapists) has to be a choice. It has to be a conscious, intentional

★ In Memory of ★
★ Stephon Clark ★

We will not
shut up
and dribble

By Gerald Smith

The Oscar Grant Committee Against Police Brutality (OGC) went to Sacramento on March 29, 2018 to join the demonstrations following the police killing of Stephon Clark. On our way to the demonstration, a young man walked up and hugged me. I was taken by surprise. This young man was Stevante Clark, the brother of Stephon Clark. He is the man who on Tuesday, March 27 led hundreds of people to disrupt the Sacramento City Council meeting as he danced into the building and jumped up on the dais chanting his brother's name. He later said, "They gun him down like a dog. They executed him..." Of the 20 shots the police fired at his brother he said, "That's like stepping on a roach and then Steppin Steppin Steppin Steppin Steppin Steppin."

The killing of Stephon Clark on the 18th of March by Sacramento Police has sparked anger and militant protest in the capital city of California. Clark, a twenty-two-year-old father of two, was standing unarmed in his

symbol that the establishment created and then demonized. They built him up so that they could tear him down and replace him with the Build. Black. Coalition. What they don't want is an independent People's movement."

The recent protests have rocked Sacramento. They blocked downtown traffic; marched on the I-5 freeway; and shut down the Kings basketball games. This is not our Grandmothers' civil rights demonstration. *The authorities had to install a fence around the entire stadium* to ensure that King fans could attend the games.

On March 29th, Hundreds attended Stephon's funeral. At the funeral, Stephons grandmother, Sequita Thompson lamented:

"Why didn't you just shoot him in the arm, shoot him in the leg, send the dogs, send a taser? Why? Why?"

During the funeral, Reverend Al Sharpton declared, "Yesterday, the president's press secretary said this is a local matter. No, this is

rapes (that we know) or occurred. But you know, the fact that those folks in the other city were hellbent on "ban him from everywhere on the planet!" was just nonsensical. Like, the person who sent the email wasn't the victim, and there was no indication that she was in contact with the victim. Also, based on the info she sent, the victim was going to college in another state! She had never been part of our community nor was she planning to join it. Banning the rapist from our spaces wouldn't have helped the victim *at all*. This was just a case of someone punishment-mongering.

A lot of people, rather than holding space for the victims' stories and healing, will do this self-centered ego-driven thing of taking it upon



themselves to punish the rapist. This vigilante bullshit comes from a childish desire to play hero, and is a way of centering yourself rather than the victim. Also, it is a huge reason that many victims don't speak up: Having big-ego-types walking around talking about how they plan to break the legs of any rapist puts a ton of pressure on the rape victim not to speak up cuz, on top of everything else they're dealing with, now they have to worry about their rapist's safety. You could punish and torture a rapist unto infinity, and it will never reverse the harm that was done.

When communities go overboard with punishing a rapist, it also makes it really hard to rally people to respond to the next rape or assault (and this is rape culture—*there will be a next time*). I've totally seen communities do a 180-flip and fail to address future rapes cuz they aren't comfortable with the level of extreme punishment that went down last time.

Not that over-punishing is what you're dealing with. You've got the opposite shitty community response on your hands: apathy/dissociation. But still, people in your community are latching on to this whole punishment crap, in the form of deciding it's okay to let him into the victims' community spaces because "he's suffered enough." The punishment paradigm leads people to think that once a rapist has had what to them seems like enough punishment, the situation no longer needs to be addressed. It's yet

sides." I wish I could say there was some easy way to convince these folks to be more proactive, but you can't make up other people's minds for them. They have to do the work themselves. We have very tragically lost multiple amazing women from our collective who had been victimized by people who used the building or who were also in the collective. For those of us who the victims confided in, we feel like failures for not doing anything fast enough to make the space feel safe for them. Because of our indecisiveness, they ended up re-encountering their perpetrator, and had to leave the collective (and the area) as they grappled with their trauma and their need to find somewhere safe. Those were people who brought wisdom and light to our project and community, and the *Slingshot* loft will always be just a little bit dimmer now that they are gone.

Holding space for rape victims to heal (rather than centering rapists) has to be a choice. It has to be a conscious, intentional choice on the part of everyone in the community. If your community is failing to have that type of intentionality, well, they should call themselves "consumers" then, rather than "hippies." Consumers are all about doing whatever is easy at the time at the expense of everyone else and the environment. Hippiess, at least the real ones, understand that creating a world where free love and equality are possible takes work. "Everyone gets a blister," is a local hippy saying, cuz, whether you're building a Free Speech Stage on the land you've just taken from the man (Long Live People's Park!), or whether you're building a community process to center the healing of rape victims, building a new, better world takes work. Doing work means you'll get tired sometimes, but that's part of what being a real hippie is all about! And being a punk! And a hacker! This is part of building a counter culture that is a true alternative to capitalist rape culture, rather than just replicating it.

Even though it seems like we have a long road ahead of us, the fact that we are able to have this conversation, and that victims feel more confident than ever before in sharing their stories, is a sign that change is coming. For a victim to share their story is a leap of faith. It is up to the community to catch them

By Gerald Smith

The Oscar Grant Committee Against Police Brutality (OGC) went to Sacramento on March 29, 2018 to join the demonstrations following the police killing of Stephon Clark. On our way to the demonstration, a young man walked up and hugged me. I was taken by surprise. This young man was Stevante Clark, the brother of Stephon Clark. He is the man who on Tuesday, March 27 led hundreds of people to disrupt the Sacramento City Council meeting as he danced into the building and jumped up on the dais chanting his brother's name. He later said, "They gun him down like a dog. They executed him..." Of the 20 shots the police fired at his brother he said, "That's like stepping on a roach and then Steppin Steppin Steppin Steppin Steppin Steppin."

The killing of Stephon Clark on the 18th of March by Sacramento Police has sparked anger and militant protest in the capital city of California. Clark, a twenty-two-year-old father of two was standing, unarmed, in his

symbol that the establishment created and then demonized. They built him up so that they could tear him down and replace him with the Build. Black. Coalition. What they don't want is an independent People's movement."

The recent protests have rocked Sacramento. They blocked downtown traffic; marched on the I-5 freeway; and shut down the Kings basketball games. This is not our Grandmothers' civil rights demonstration. *The authorities had to install a fence around the entire stadium* to ensure that King fans could attend the games.

On March 29th, Hundreds attended Stephon's funeral. At the funeral, Stephons grandmother, Sequita Thompson lamented:

"Why didn't you just shoot him in the arm, shoot him in the leg, send the dogs, send a taser? Why? Why?"

During the funeral, Reverend Al Sharpton declared, "Yesterday, the president's press secretary said this is a local matter. No, this is



grandmother's backyard holding only his cell phone when pigs, who did not announce they were police, appeared in the dark, yelled at him to show his hands and quickly fired 20 shots at him before he could comply. In the wake of this, his 25-year-old brother has been thrown into the national spotlight and forced to deal with the media, protests, lawyers, and donations while struggling through his own pain, grief, and anger. He said, "I shouldn't

not a local matter. They've been killing young black men all over the country." Indeed, this horrific murder by police was like too many others...

After the protesters shut down the Kings NBA game, organizer Barry Accius received a startling response from the Kings. They asked him to come and speak to the owner. Accius thought he was going to be arrested having just blocked 10,000 fans from seeing the

plan to break the legs of any rapist puts a lot of pressure on the rape victim not to speak up cuz, on top of everything else they're dealing with, now they have to worry about their rapist's safety. You could punish and torture a rapist unto infinity, and it will never reverse the harm that was done.

When communities go overboard with punishing a rapist, it also makes it really hard to rally people to respond to the next rape or assault (and this is rape culture—*there will be a next time*). I've totally seen communities do a 180-flip and fail to address future rapes cuz they aren't comfortable with the level of extreme punishment that went down last time.

Not that over-punishing is what you're dealing with. You've got the opposite shitty community response on your hands: apathy/dissociation. But still, people in your community are latching on to this whole punishment crap, in the form of deciding it's okay to let him into the victims' community spaces because "he's suffered enough." The punishment paradigm leads people to think that once a rapist has had what to them seems like enough punishment, the situation no longer needs to be addressed. It's yet

should call themselves "consumers" then, rather than "hippies." Consumers are all about doing whatever is easy at the time at the expense of everyone else and the environment. Hippies, at least the real ones, understand that creating a world where free love and equality are possible takes work. "Everyone gets a blister," is a local hippy saying, cuz, whether you're building a Free Speech Stage on the land you've just taken from the man (Long Live People's Park!), or whether you're building a community process to center the healing of rape victims, building a new, better world takes work. Doing work means you'll get tired sometimes, but that's part of what being a real hippie is all about! And being a punk! And a hacker! This is part of building a counter culture that is a true alternative to capitalist rape culture, rather than just replicating it.

Even though it seems like we have a long road ahead of us, the fact that we are able to have this conversation, and that victims feel more confident than ever before in sharing their stories, is a sign that change is coming. For a victim to share their story is a leap of faith. It is up to the community to catch them

This is part of building a counter culture that is a true alternative to capitalist rape culture, rather than just replicating it.

another freaking way of throwing victims under the goddamn bus.

When rapists stay in community spaces, it often means their victims have to leave to avoid being re-traumatized by seeing their rapist. Additionally, due to shitty things people tend to say to rape survivors (I've compiled a list here: goo.gl/zj6BPc), survivors tend to be re-traumatized when they try to seek support from their community. The fact that you're

—to whirl into action and center their healing. A better world is possible, but only if we all put in the work.

Towards something better, Joan P.S. If anyone reading this feels their space or community has a really awesome set of practices for addressing rape and sexual violence, we'd love to hear about it! We'll pass along anything you send us to ALLY, and we may even print it in the next issue of Slingshot.



grandmother's backyard holding only his cell phone when pigs, who did not announce they were police, appeared in the dark, yelled at him to show his hands and quickly fired 20 shots at him before he could comply. In the wake of this, his 25-year-old brother has been thrown into the national spotlight and forced to deal with the media, protests, lawyers, and donations while struggling through his own pain, grief, and anger. He said, "I shouldn't have to defend my brother. They [the police] should be proving *their* innocence."

On April 19, Stevante Clark was arrested for threatening his roommates. No bail. I was in Sacramento on Friday, April 20 supporting the anti-fascist protesters Felarca, Williams and Paz, who are currently on trial. In the courthouse, I was fortunate to learn from a number of activists who knew Stevante what was going on. They explained to me that Stevante was deeply troubled having lost two brothers to police violence. That his behavior had been erratic. He threatened *everybody* they said. He even threatened Fred Hampton Jr., the son of assassinated Black Panther Party leader Fred Hampton, when he came to town. His roommates had called the pigs multiple times to complain about Stevante's threats. No police response. Then, they came down on him.

Jamier of the Party of Socialism and Liberation explained to me: "Stevante was a

not a local matter. They've been killing young black men all over the country." Indeed, this horrific murder by police was like too many others...

After the protesters shut down the Kings NBA game, organizer Barry Accius received a startling response from the Kings. They asked him to come and speak to the owner. Accius thought he was going to be arrested having just blocked 10,000 fans from seeing the game. Instead, he met with co-owner Vivek Yeshwant Ranadivé and former player Doug Christie. They offered to set up a fund to help the young black people of Sacramento. This was a big surprise. The money has been donated to the Build. Black. Coalition. This grouping includes Black Lives Matter and the NAACP. The majority of players in the NBA are black and they know that they too could be victims of police murder. DeMarcus Cousins, formerly a member of the Kings, presently with the New Orleans Pelicans, offered to pay for the funeral expenses. Matt Barnes offered to pay for the college expenses of Stephon Clark's two children. On March 25, when the Boston Celtics played the Kings, the players wore t-shirts that read: #Stephon King and on the back "Accountability-We Are One". The NBA players made a video in which Al Horford of the Celtics proclaimed "We will not shut up and dribble".

The struggle continues.



EDGE OF THE

By Jesse D. Palmer

So much of our world is unsustainable — the weather is going crazy, cities are too expensive for regular people, mainstream politics are an endless spiral of distracting chaos, income inequality keeps getting more extreme, there's camping on every sidewalk. People stare into their phones in a state of anxiety and isolation, replacing facts with propaganda while abandoning privacy and time to think. While some people are checking-out or in denial, others are lashing out in rage and despair — in extreme cases shooting up schools or joining hate groups. Things can't keep going like this, which is precisely what "unsustainable" means.

We're on the edge of a cliff — which can be exciting if your going hang-gliding but scary if your about to be pushed off. We need to decide if we're going to be crushed beneath the massive shifts that are upon us, or if we want to help steer the course of events. If so, we'll need to be organized and have vision.

The only real answers are coming from the underground. We need to start paying attention to fun and life, not profit and technology. Cultures are tools that can enable human beings to live more fulfilling lives so we can explore each of our unique talents and

appetites. But *this* culture has it all backwards — people have become tools serving the system's abstract goals of production, efficiency, speed, consumption and standardization.

Why is fast food the norm and slow food a pleasure reserved for the rich? Eating food is our most basic natural, animal function and we evolved to enjoy food — to enjoy it slow — to savor every delicious bite. Meals are times to build social connections with rambling groups of comrades, to tell jokes, to build sexual tension. The system selling us a fast lunch so we can rush back to work is unsustainable environmentally, spiritually and politically. So instead, we're taking back the pleasure of growing our food, of cooking it, of eating — of direct experience rather than having the system do for us the very experiences that make us living beings on a living world.

We need to cooperate and make decisions for ourselves rather than letting the system break us into ever smaller, managed, isolated, lonely boxes. We're replacing corporations with coops and replacing condos with communes. The stuff we do with our days should matter both to the world and to the people doing it rather than just being a job we

hate that serves the elite. When we cooperate to make stuff, grow food, or build households, we exercise direct participation in the decisions that relate to our lives rather than the being powerless workers, voters or consumers.

The nuclear family is as toxic and unsustainable as it sounds because kids and

— each armed with their own car and their own washing machine — is unsustainable environmentally and emotionally.

We need to reject the artificial separations between the way we live, the economy, politics, the technology we use and the environment — they're all on a continuum and



parents need complex connections with adults who aren't their parents of all ages — and people without kids shouldn't have to live without the chaos and energy that kids and childrearing generate. The arbitrary separation of families from each other and everyone else

we can't fix one part without fixing everything.

Limiting disastrous climate change and thereby *perhaps* postponing our own extinction isn't impossible or unthinkable, unless we want to preserve all the broken, unjust, joyless aspects of the present system. Why on earth would we want to keep things that aren't



JOURNEY TO THE

By H-Cat

I like to play pervasive street games, and last autumn I took part in a game that's been

Within live gaming communities, we often

things can't keep going like this, it's precisely what "unsustainable" means.

We're on the edge of a cliff — which can be exciting if your going hang-gliding but scary if your about to be pushed off. We need to decide if we're going to be crushed beneath the massive shifts that are upon us, or if we want to help steer the course of events. If so, we'll need to be organized and have vision.

The only real answers are coming from the underground. We need to start paying attention to fun and life, not profit and technology. Cultures are tools that can enable human beings to live more fulfilling lives so we can explore each of our unique talents and

we can rush back to work in an unsustainable environmentally, spiritually and politically. So instead, we're taking back the pleasure of growing our food, of cooking it, of eating — of direct experience rather than having the system do for us the very experiences that make us living beings on a living world.

We need to cooperate and make decisions for ourselves rather than letting the system break us into ever smaller managed, isolated, lonely boxes. We're replacing corporations with coops and replacing condos with communes. The stuff we do with our days should matter both to the world and to the people doing it rather than just being a job we



parents need complex connections with adults who aren't their parents of all ages — and people without kids shouldn't have to live without the chaos and energy that kids and childrearing generate. The arbitrary separation of families from each other and everyone else

we can't fix one part without fixing everything.

Limiting disastrous climate change and thereby *perhaps* postponing our own extinction isn't impossible or unthinkable, unless we want to preserve all the broken, unjust, joyless aspects of the present system. Why on earth would we want to keep things that aren't



JOURNEY TO THE

By H-Cat

I like to play pervasive street games, and last autumn I took part in a game that's been running for around a decade in San Francisco called Journey to the End of the Night, or "Journey" for short.

Journey happens once a year, and it is sort of like capture the flag merged with cops and robbers, blended with absurdist performance art. It happens outside and players chase each other through the streets, often dressed in colorful costumes. There are "runners" and "chasers." The runners attempt to make it to a series of checkpoints without being caught by the chasers. At the checkpoints, you have to complete some kind of strange task, like solving a puzzle blindfolded while someone else directs you. If you're tagged, you have to become a chaser, so the game gets progressively harder as the night wears on. This game is no joke! Not everyone makes it to the end of the night—at least without getting caught!

Inspired by Situationist psychogeography, Journey is a way of remapping urban space to create new meaningful experiences, to really take ownership over public space, as we follow paper maps and invent fun puzzles and quirky characters (i.e. the checkpoint guardians) to entertain each other. Like *Slingshot*, Journey to the End of the Night is

Within live gaming communities, we often have special safety rules about how (not) to touch each other's bodies, and yeah, these bystanders weren't even playing and didn't follow these rules at all, and also: What the actual fuck?!

As the bystanders explained, they hadn't noticed the colorful costumes or armbands or that a massive street game with hundreds of players was going on around them. All they saw was a Black man running from a group of white people, and they had assumed this meant that the black person had robbed someone.

The player who was tackled was rather jovial about the incident (or was still in shock!?) at the finish line, and shared the story as we stood around eating buckets of gold fish crackers, and he even added the story to the whimsical map we were making of things that had happened that night.

Organizers of the game were deeply troubled when they learned about what had happened to him. "How can we make our game safer for players of color?" is a question

space though, it seems all street games ought *to at least include a disclaimer like:

We apologize for the ambient racism of society which creates an additional layer of the safety hazards on top of those already in play in this game.

...of course there is another way to make Journey and other street games safer for players of color... This would involve a massive pervasive game in which we change the nature of reality. ...Or at least the social reality. So, reality. It would be a game about removing racism. If playing this game, it is important to let people know that *Society is Under Construction*. This means you should probably put up yellow "Caution!" signs, and wear hardhats to protect your head from falling racists.

Racists come in many varieties. Some are worth more points than others. Don't focus too hard on the ones who merely use slurs, but rather the ones who use their power to harm or systematically direct resources away from people of color. Go after the ones who



we apologize for the ambient racism of society which creates an additional layer



and who use that power of color as "threatening" in **900,000 Points**

- People who have b institutional power to restr to food, clothing, shelter, use it in a biased fashion color from receiving these **Points**

- People with the institution other people the ability to others, and who do so disproportionately goes color / **700,000 Points**

- People who use racial spread stereotypes about making whatever spac emotionally untenable for **Points**

- People who say "every people of color need to st have the same opportu else" (aka, Colorblind Rac

The goal isn't to physical rather to take their toys aw on a time out, which is r limit their ability to harm p



of like capture the flag merged with cops and robbers, blended with absurdist performance art. It happens outside and players chase each other through the streets, often dressed in colorful costumes. There are "runners" and "chasers." The runners attempt to make it to a series of checkpoints without being caught by the chasers. At the checkpoints, you have to complete some kind of strange task, like solving a puzzle blindfolded while someone else directs you. If you're tagged, you have to become a chaser, so the game gets progressively harder as the night wears on. This game is no joke! Not everyone makes it to the end of the night—at least without getting caught!

Inspired by Situationist psychogeography, Journey is a way of remapping urban space to create new meaningful experiences, to really take ownership over public space, as we follow paper maps and invent fun puzzles and quirky characters (i.e. the checkpoint guardians) to entertain each other. Like *Slingshot*, Journey to the End of the Night is put together entirely by volunteers.

While this game is truly wonderful, there has been a troubling pattern with Journey, and with other street games of this ilk: Where are the people of color? #StreetGamesSoWhite It's unfortunately a thing. There simply aren't as many people of color represented in the playerbase of these games as there should be based on the demographics of the population. This is something that has left many game organizers scratching their heads, myself included as I develop my own games.

Last year, at the end of Journey, as everyone shared our stories of the evening's adventures at the finish line, one of the players who was Black shared a story that led some of us to pause as if we were being choked by an Occult hand.


This young African-American man had been running from some chasers near Golden Gate Park when a group of random bystanders started chasing him too. (!!) The bystanders tackled him in a way that was super not safe.


actual fuck?!

As the bystanders explained, they hadn't noticed the colorful costumes or armbands or that a massive street game with hundreds of players was going on around them. All they saw was a Black man running from a group of white people, and they had assumed this meant that the black person had robbed someone.

The player who was tackled was rather jovial about the incident (or was still in shock!?) at the finish line, and shared the story as we stood around eating buckets of gold fish crackers, and he even added the story to the whimsical map we were making of things that had happened that night.

Organizers of the game were deeply troubled when they learned about what had happened to him. "How can we make our game safer for players of color?" is a question

 we apologize for the ambient racism of society which creates an additional layer of the safety hazards on top of those already in play in this game.

 asked by more and more creators of live games, whether it is people working on corporate bullshit games like *Pokemon Go*, or those of us DIYing our own Situationist mirth.

The sad reality is that it simply isn't possible to make Journey safer for players of color without changing the very nature of the game. A key part of any psychogeography game is that you're moving through public space in a way that often startles people and wakes them up. If we were to remove random public encounters from the game, all of that will be lost. The point is that you never know if you'll find yourself chasing each other through a crowd of opera patrons dressed in their best, or a camp of homeless people, or a group of other random humans. Due to the ambient prevalence of racism within the public play

the safety hazards on top of those already in play in this game.

...of course there is another way to make Journey and other street games safer for players of color... This would involve a massive pervasive game in which we change the nature of reality. ...Or at least the social reality. So, reality. It would be a game about removing racism. If playing this game, it is important to let people know that *Society is Under Construction*. This means you should probably put up yellow "Caution!" signs, and wear hardhats to protect your head from falling racists.

Racists come in many varieties. Some are worth more points than others. Don't focus too hard on the ones who merely use slurs, but rather the ones who use their power to harm or systematically direct resources away from people of color. Go after the ones who



put pervasive conditions are in place that increase the likelihood that a person of color will be in poverty, and thus may need to steal to get by, and thus the stereotypes emerge from those social conditions. (The slurs won't matter anymore once things are made equal—just ask the Irish!)

Types of Racists / Point Values:

- People who have been granted the institutional power to kill or physically harm others, and who use it in a biased fashion towards people of color / 1,000,000 Points
- People who have been granted institutional power over other people's freedom, and who use it in a biased fashion to rob people of color of freedoms / 800,000 Points
- People who have been granted institutional power over images presented in mass media,

• People who have institutional power to restrict to food, clothing, shelter, use it in a biased fashion color from receiving these Points

• People with the institutional other people the ability to others, and who do so disproportionately goes color / 700,000 Points

• People who use racial slurs spread stereotypes about making whatever space emotionally untenable for Points

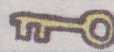
• People who say "every people of color need to stop have the same opportunity else" (aka, Colorblind Racism)

The goal isn't to physically rather to take their toys away on a time out, which is to limit their ability to harm people keep an eye on them so they

Identifying racists within always as easy as you think crunching the numbers. example, if a specific word

Stamp Office is more difficult application by a person of color film director keeps having appear on the screen in viewers to fear them. Track down. Create a data set.

Once a person, company, been identified as racist, plan develop a specific strategy strategies could involve suing too expensive to harm removing them from their platform reelecting them (making it a to harm people of color) products (making it a bad fail to include people of generation practices), and a strategies you come up



How can we make situationist street games more

OF TIME

te. When we cooperate
od, or build households,
icipation in the decisions
s rather than the being
ers or consumers.
ily is as toxic and
unds because kids and

— each armed with their own car and their own washing machine — is unsustainable environmentally and emotionally.

We need to reject the artificial separations between the way we live, the economy, politics, the technology we use and the environment — they're all on a continuum and

working the same at the expense of this world's beautiful ecosystem? That would be crazy — and therefore unsustainable.

If we want to limit carbon emissions, that means we need to immediately block new fossil fuel infrastructure, and begin dismantling what's already around. This isn't so hard because it aligns with what makes us happy, healthy and engaged with other people and ourselves. Who wants to be stuck in their damn car or sold the lie that cars represent freedom and sex appeal? It's time for less cars, more bikes, denser cities, no more airplanes and less kids per person — but yes let's keep having kids and raising them as ziblings (*unrelated siblings) in big purple communes.

Has anyone else noticed how the rise of Uber means there are more cars on the road day and night and you see people hunched over phones in idling cars fucking everywhere? At least turn off the motor if you're just sitting there — it wastes gas and it smells. And really just take the bus or walk. Everyone hates the idea of the oceans filling with plastic, which begs the question "can we please stop buying more plastic already?" The hour is far too late to hope other people will make the changes that we need to make on our own. But that doesn't mean we aren't holding the bosses and corporations responsible for the reckless, poisonous options they peddle — this isn't up

to individuals to solve on their own about being green consumers — being consumers of any color.

Perhaps the most unstable aspect of the system is the way 1% of the population has more than half the world's wealth climbing. This inequality causes so much to-day suffering and is so easy to fix we were taught in kindergarten — share! Inequality on this scale is unsustainable and is responsible for many of the world's dysfunctions — health problems, nationalism, violence, mental illness, displacement.

In cities, everyone's anxious because housing is scarce and unaffordable. We can summarize this as gentrification. It is painful to redistribute the wealth so everyone has a place to live. Even if we make a place to live, where's the money going to come from? Let's seize the land instead — much less paperwork.

The recent wildcat teachers strike is a tiny glimpse of how it's done. We need to stop begging the elite for crumbs and instead do the obvious — this shit doesn't work. We can do better. We need to move from protesting *against* stuff, and instead energy creating positive change.

The current ways are finished — no more. The system's ways are either natural or not. This isn't about single issue politics.



connections with adults
nts of all ages — and
shouldn't have to live
d energy that kids and
The arbitrary separation
other and everyone else

we can't fix one part without fixing everything.

Limiting disastrous climate change and thereby *perhaps* postponing our own extinction isn't impossible or unthinkable, unless we want to preserve all the broken, unjust, joyless aspects of the present system. Why on earth would we want to keep things that aren't

TO THE END OF

space though, it seems all street games ought to at least include a disclaimer like:

We apologize for the ambient racism of society which creates an additional layer of the safety hazards on top of those already in play in this game.

...of course there is another way to make Journey and other street games safer for players of color... This would involve a massive pervasive game in which we change the nature of reality. ...Or at least the social reality. So, reality. It would be a game about removing racism. If playing this game, it is important to let people know that *Society is Under Construction*. This means you should probably put up yellow "Caution!" signs, and wear hardhats to protect your head from falling racists.

Racists come in many varieties. Some are worth more points than others. Don't focus

and who use that power to depict people of color as "threatening" in a biased way / **900,000 Points**

- People who have been granted the institutional power to restrict people's access to food, clothing, shelter, and care, and who use it in a biased fashion to thwart people of color from receiving these things / **500,000 Points**

- People with the institutional power to assign other people the ability to direct the labor of others, and who do so on a way that disproportionately goes to non-people-of-color / **700,000 Points**

- People who use racial slurs, or who verbally spread stereotypes about people of color, making whatever spaces they occupy emotionally untenable for folks of color / **75 Points**

whatever unique situation you've identified.

Points may only be awarded if the conditions are changed to put people of color —within the context of the racist person or institution—on equal footing. So replacing one racist with another doesn't count.

This game can be done in **single player mode or in teams**. Try it both ways!

It is important to avoid **Witch Hunts**, or

your po
higher.
their in
serious
stateme
victims)
all the
spreads



complex connections with adults
 parents of all ages — and
 kids shouldn't have to live
 os and energy that kids and
 erate. The arbitrary separation
 each other and everyone else

we can't fix one part without fixing everything.
 Limiting disastrous climate change and
 thereby *perhaps* postponing our own extinction
 isn't impossible or unthinkable, unless we want
 to preserve all the broken, unjust, joyless
 aspects of the present system. Why on earth
 would we want to keep things that aren't

just take the bus or walk. Everyone hates the
 idea of the oceans filling with plastic, which
 begs the question "can we please stop buying
 more plastic already?" The hour is far too late
 to hope other people will make the changes
 that we need to make on our own. But that
 doesn't mean we aren't holding the bosses and
 corporations responsible for the reckless,
 poisonous options they peddle — this isn't up

land instead — much less pap
 The recent wildcat teacher
 a tiny glimpse of how it's do
 stop begging the elite for crun
 the obvious — this shit does
 can do better. We need t
 protesting *against* stuff, and in
 energy creating positive chang
 The current ways are finish
 system's ways are either natu
 This isn't about single is

TO THE END OF

e often
 (not) to
 these
 didn't
 that the

space though, it seems all street games ought
 to at least include a disclaimer like:

We apologize for the ambient racism of society which creates an additional layer of the safety hazards on top of those already in play in this game.

hadn't
 and or
 reds of
 All they
 group of
 ed this
 robbed

...of course there is another way to make
 Journey and other street games safer for
 players of color... This would involve a
 massive pervasive game in which we change
 the nature of reality. ...Or at least the social
 reality. So, reality. It would be a game about
 removing racism. If playing this game, it is
 important to let people know that *Society is
 Under Construction*. This means you should
 probably put up yellow "Caution!" signs, and
 wear hardhats to protect your head from
 falling racists.

rather
 still in
 ed the
 kets of
 ed the
 king of

Racists come in many varieties. Some are
 worth more points than others. Don't focus
 too hard on the ones who merely use slurs,
 but rather the ones who use their power to
 harm or systematically direct resources away
 from people of color. Go after the ones who

deeply
 had
 ke our
 uestion

e for the ambient
 ociety which
 additional layer
 ty hazards on
 e already in
 s game.



of live
 ng on
 Go, or
 irth.
 ossible
 color
 game.
 ame is
 e in a
 them
 public
 will be
 you'll
 gh a
 best,
 up of
 mbient
 play

put pervasive conditions are in place that
 increase the likelihood that a person of color
 will be in poverty, and thus may need to steal
 to get by, and thus the stereotypes emerge
 from those social conditions. (The slurs won't
 matter anymore once things are made equal—
 just ask the Irish!)

Types of Racists / Point Values:

- People who have been granted the institutional power to kill or physically harm others, and who use it in a biased fashion towards people of color / **1,000,000 Points**
- People who have been granted institutional power over other people's freedom, and who use it in a biased fashion to rob people of color of freedoms / **800,000 Points**
- People who have been granted institutional power over images presented in mass media,

and who use that power to depict people of color as "threatening" in a biased way / **900,000 Points**

- People who have been granted the institutional power to restrict people's access to food, clothing, shelter, and care, and who use it in a biased fashion to thwart people of color from receiving these things / **500,000 Points**

- People with the institutional power to assign other people the ability to direct the labor of others, and who do so on a way that disproportionately goes to non-people-of-color / **700,000 Points**

- People who use racial slurs, or who verbally spread stereotypes about people of color, making whatever spaces they occupy emotionally untenable for folks of color / **75 Points**

- People who say "everything is equal and people of color need to stop whining cuz they have the same opportunities as everyone else" (aka, Colorblind Racism) / **50 Points**

The goal isn't to physically harm racists, but rather to take their toys away and/or put them on a time out, which is to say: strategically limit their ability to harm people of color, and keep an eye on them so they don't do it again.

Identifying racists within institutions isn't always as easy as you think. It often means crunching the numbers to find out, for example, if a specific worker in the Food Stamp Office is more likely to reject an application by a person of color, or if a specific film director keeps having people of color appear on the screen in ways that train viewers to fear them. Track this stuff. Write it down. Create a data set.

Once a person, company, or institution has been identified as racist, players will need to **develop a specific strategy**. These strategies could involve suing them (making it too expensive to harm people of color), removing them from their positions and/or not reelecting them (making it a bad career move to harm people of color), boycotting their products (making it a bad business move to fail to include people of color in wealth-generation practices), and any other excellent strategies you come up with that match

whatever unique situation you've identified.

Points may only be awarded if the conditions are changed to put people of color —within the context of the racist person or institution—on equal footing. So replacing one racist with another doesn't count.

This game can be done in **single player mode or in teams**. Try it both ways!

It is important to avoid **Witch Hunts**, or



situations in which someone is accused of institutional racism without data to back up that claim, or without 1 or more victims who have publically come forward. If you start a Witch Hunt, you will lose 500,000 Points, or

situationist street games more user-friendly, for pl

THE

CLIFF

working the same at the expense of this world's beautiful ecosystem? That would be crazy — and therefore unsustainable.

If we want to limit carbon emissions, that means we need to immediately block new fossil fuel infrastructure, and begin dismantling what's already around. This isn't so hard because it aligns with what makes us happy, healthy and engaged with other people and ourselves. Who wants to be stuck in their darn car or sold the lie that cars represent freedom and sex appeal? It's time for less cars, more bikes, denser cities, no more airplanes and less kids per person — but yes let's keep having kids and raising them as ziblings (*unrelated siblings) in big purple communes.

Has anyone else noticed how the rise of Uber means there are more cars on the road day and night and you see people hunched over phones in idling cars fucking everywhere? At least turn off the motor if you're just sitting there — it wastes gas and it smells. And really just take the bus or walk. Everyone hates the idea of the oceans filling with plastic, which begs the question "can we please stop buying more plastic already?" The hour is far too late to hope other people will make the changes that we need to make on our own. But that doesn't mean we aren't holding the bosses and corporations responsible for the reckless, poisonous options they peddle — this isn't up

to individuals to solve on their own. This isn't about being green consumers — we reject being consumers of any color.

Perhaps the most unstable aspect of this system is the way 1% of the population owns more than half the world's wealth — and climbing. This inequality causes so much day-to-day suffering and is so easy to fix with what we were taught in kindergarten — learn to share! Inequality on this scale is unsustainable and is responsible for diverse dysfunctions — health problems, rising nationalism, violence, mental illness, housing displacement.

In cities, everyone's anxious because housing is scarce and unaffordable which we summarize as gentrification. It is past time to redistribute the wealth so everyone can afford a place to live. Even if we make a land trust, where's the money going to come from to buy the neighborhoods? Let's seize and share the land instead — much less paperwork.

The recent wildcat teachers strikes provide a tiny glimpse of how it's done. We need to stop begging the elite for crumbs and point out the obvious — this shit doesn't work and we can do better. We need to move beyond protesting *against* stuff, and instead spend our energy creating positive change.

The current ways are finished — none of the system's ways are either natural or inevitable. This isn't about single issue politics —

because all the various systems of hierarchy, sexism, racism, capitalism, technology, short-term thinking, worship of efficiency in areas that don't demand efficiency and artificial barriers between the head and the heart, between human beings and nature — all these things are killing us and killing the earth.



When everything is falling apart and no one can figure out what might happen next, it's scary but even more its exciting, sexy, and a damn relief. The collapse we're in the midst of is long overdue.

The trump regime confirms the dramatic

nature of the systems' disintegration. He offers nothing but division and distraction yet the mainstream power structure, the media and the Democrats are so spiritually, intellectually and politically bankrupt that they are powerless to stop an orange-painted fool.

A society that kills the earth is killing itself and deserves to go — being unsustainable is self-limiting. Because life is fun and I love so many things humans have created despite all our obvious flaws, I'm optimistic that this phase of history will transition and something radically different will emerge soon enough. But make no mistake — banks don't burn themselves down and social collapse needs all of us as active, creative, joyful participants.

We might find that the one thing that is sustainable — that can last over the long haul, thrive and grow richer and more satisfying the longer we practice it — is the counter-culture and our resistance to the death-system. The web of do-it-yourself, funky, humble alternative institutions that our communities are building voluntarily, without funding, without asking permission, based on values the mainstream doesn't take seriously like love, pleasure and beauty — these pursuits aren't dead ends. Making them your life's work doesn't entangle you in contradictions between your own needs and the needs of the earth or others around you, but rather takes you places you didn't know you needed to go. Let's let our minds wander while we share good times so we can appreciate these wild times together.

END

OF

RACISM

The 1%

having kids and raising them as ziblings (*unrelated siblings) in big purple communes.

Has anyone else noticed how the rise of Uber means there are more cars on the road day and night and you see people hunched over phones in idling cars fucking everywhere? At least turn off the motor if you're just sitting there — it wastes gas and it smells. And really just take the bus or walk. Everyone hates the idea of the oceans filling with plastic, which begs the question "can we please stop buying more plastic already?" The hour is far too late to hope other people will make the changes that we need to make on our own. But that doesn't mean we aren't holding the bosses and corporations responsible for the reckless, poisonous options they peddle — this isn't up

In cities, everyone's anxious because housing is scarce and unaffordable which we summarize as gentrification. It is past time to redistribute the wealth so everyone can afford a place to live. Even if we make a land trust, where's the money going to come from to buy the neighborhoods? Let's seize and share the land instead — much less paperwork.

The recent wildcat teachers strikes provide a tiny glimpse of how it's done. We need to stop begging the elite for crumbs and point out the obvious — this shit doesn't work and we can do better. We need to move beyond protesting *against* stuff, and instead spend our energy creating positive change.

The current ways are finished — none of the system's ways are either natural or inevitable. This isn't about single issue politics —



When everything is falling apart and no one can figure out what might happen next, it's scary but even more its exciting, sexy, and a damn relief. The collapse we're in the midst of is long overdue.

The trump regime confirms the dramatic

down and social collapse needs all of us as active, creative, joyful participants.

We might find that the one thing that is sustainable — that can last over the long haul, thrive and grow richer and more satisfying the longer we practice it — is the counter-culture and our resistance to the death-system. The web of do-it-yourself, funky, humble alternative institutions that our communities are building voluntarily, without funding, without asking permission, based on values the mainstream doesn't take seriously like love, pleasure and beauty — these pursuits aren't dead ends. Making them your life's work doesn't entangle you in contradictions between your own needs and the needs of the earth or others around you, but rather takes you places you didn't know you needed to go. Let's let our minds wander while we share good times so we can appreciate these wild times together.

END OF RACISM

power to depict people of
ing' in a biased way /

ave been granted the
to restrict people's access
helter, and care, and who
fashion to thwart people of
g these things / 500,000

stitutional power to assign
bility to direct the labor of
do so on a way that
goes to non-people-of-
nts

racial slurs, or who verbally
s about people of color,
r spaces they occupy
ble for folks of color / 75

"everything is equal and
ed to stop whining cuz they
opportunities as everyone
nd Racism) / 50 Points
physically harm racists, but
toys away and/or put them
ch is to say: strategically
harm people of color, and
n so they don't do it again.

whatever unique situation you've identified.

Points may only be awarded if the conditions are changed to put people of color —within the context of the racist person or institution—on equal footing. So replacing one racist with another doesn't count.

This game can be done in **single player mode or in teams**. Try it both ways!

It is important to avoid **Witch Hunts**, or

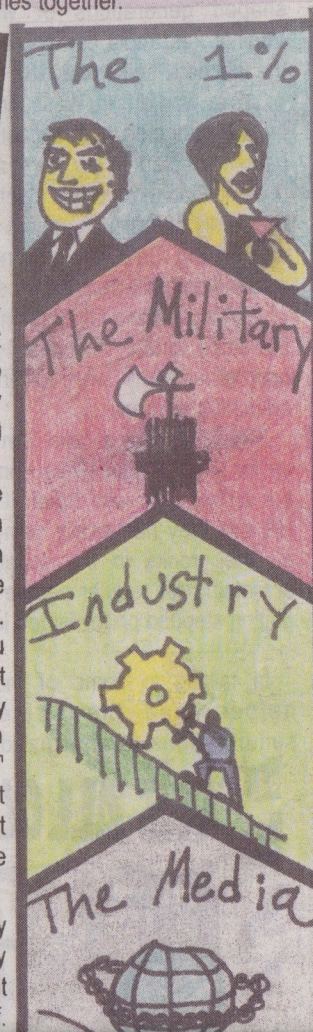
your points will go back to zero, whichever is higher. So, if you suspect someone is using their institutional power in a racist way, seriously, crunch the numbers. Get a statement from one (and hopefully several victims). Don't cherry pick the data. Look at all the cases of a judge—and compile a spreadsheet—and really make sure you're



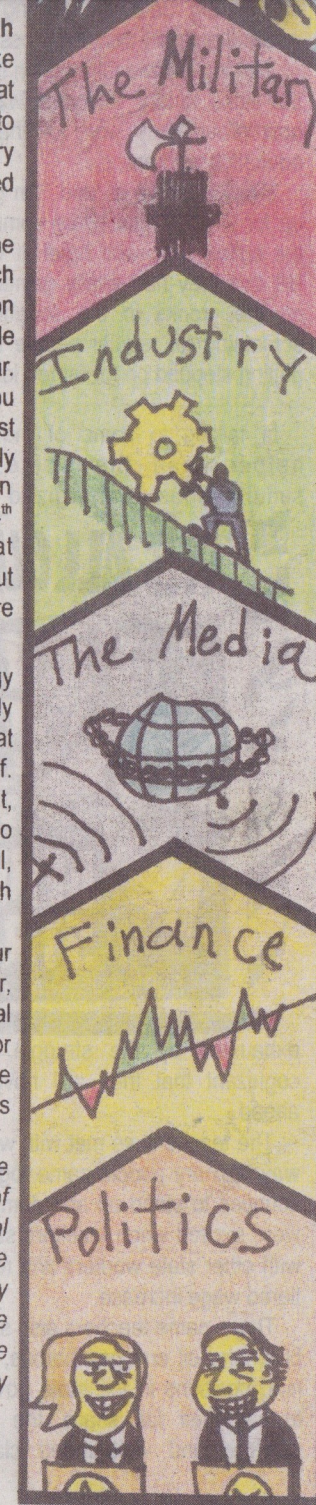
There are lots of **things you can do with data**: post it on indybay.org and tweet it like crazy, contact lawyers who specialize in that type of lawsuit, email it to journalists, send it to professors, write a letter to the editor of every publication in the area. Extra points awarded for creative uses of data!

Energy Limit. Some games have a time limit. This game has an energy limit, which will be different for each player. Based on your energy limit, you'll probably only be able to put in check between 5-50 racists per year. Please refer to the points system to help you calculate how to spend your energy most efficiently. The points have been carefully calibrated through years of scientific efforts in Berkeley's secret Laboratory of 4th Dimensional Anthropology, a lab that mysteriously appears in spaces throughout the Bay Area and then vanishes just before the authorities arrive.

Don't get a Game Over! If your Energy Meter drops below 5 Energy Points (your body will tell you when it's that low), use that remaining energy to replenish yourself.



more user-friendly for players of color



We Are All WEST VIRGINIA

Continued from Page 1

to be the changemakers. That sentiment is what led to the teachers' revolt.

It's clear from talking to people that they are looking for politics beyond what is offered through the ballot box.

West Virginia is much more than just a story about two-party political jockeying at the top of the state. It's a state that broke away from Virginia during the Civil War over the issue of slavery — the people were opposed to slavery, and Virginia remained in the Confederacy.

It's a state that saw militant, violent battles between Black, white and immigrant miners on one side and company coal bosses on the other. These workers battled for decades in the early 1900s to win basic union rights and freedom from control of the mining corporations in all aspects of their lives.

Striking miners and their families lived in tents when they were evicted from company housing in the dead of winter, rather than give in and go back to work.

In 1990, teachers went on strike for 11 days and mounted militant pickets at schools and bus yards across the state to win a raise. This history of struggle and radical politics has shaped generations of workers in West Virginia, and most certainly had an impact on the teachers' strike of 2018.

While workers in West Virginia are shaped

The ongoing struggle for funding public employee health care is just beginning in West Virginia. The state has created a task force and will be holding meetings across the state about the Public Employees Insurance Agency (PEIA) and how to fund it moving forward. This will most certainly be another space for struggle in the months to come.

For those of us who have worked in public schools, the politicians are raising a familiar narrative about the PEIA: "We have no money, how can we fund it?" They tell teachers and

for a medical procedure for their infant son and buying food and diapers that month.

They spoke of generational poverty and what it's like to inherit nothing but debt and live paycheck to paycheck despite having advanced degrees and working for nearly a decade in education.

They talked about how some of their students live in housing conditions like those in the shantytowns of apartheid South Africa, and how it's understandable in these conditions that schools have become places not just for

stories from teachers in West Virginia, Oklahoma, Kentucky and Arizona.

It's horrifying, but it's not completely unfamiliar. In some ways, what we are beginning to see is that we are all West Virginia. For decades, education workers have existed in conditions that continue to deteriorate due to long-term neglect.

Whether it's no heat in schools in Baltimore or lead in the water in Detroit and Flint public schools, teachers have been trying to make it work and doing their best in situations that are completely unacceptable.

However, education workers are also beginning to take a page from West Virginia in other ways, too. We are starting to believe we're worthy of better — that we deserve more, that the children we teach deserve better, and to get it, we have to be willing to fight for it. And if we fight for it together, we can win.

Driving home from West Virginia to Chicago, past the signs for Cabin Creek and Paint Creek, sites of the infamous mine wars from decades past, I couldn't help but feel hopeful.

Not the kind of blind hopefulness that means putting faith in politicians to do something for us, but hope in what West Virginia teachers showed us—that we can do it for ourselves.

I am grateful to have been able to spend a few days talking to people who are now both



state workers that there's no money for raises, health care or pensions while continuing to cut

teaching skills, but for building communities of support that provide meals and comprehensive

what led to the teachers' revolt.

It's clear from talking to people that they are looking for politics beyond what is offered through the ballot box.

West Virginia is much more than just a story about two-party political jockeying at the top of the state. It's a state that broke away from Virginia during the Civil War over the issue of slavery — the people were opposed to slavery, and Virginia remained in the Confederacy.

It's a state that saw militant, violent battles between Black, white and immigrant miners on one side and company coal bosses on the other. These workers battled for decades in the early 1900s to win basic union rights and freedom from control of the mining corporations in all aspects of their lives.

Striking miners and their families lived in tents when they were evicted from company housing in the dead of winter, rather than give in and go back to work.

In 1990, teachers went on strike for 11 days and mounted militant pickets at schools and bus yards across the state to win a raise. This history of struggle and radical politics has shaped generations of workers in West Virginia, and most certainly had an impact on the teachers' strike of 2018.

While workers in West Virginia are shaped by the struggles of the past, they have also been impacted in an immediate way by the current teachers' strike. Just like people talk reverently of family members who held the line against Big Coal, the striking teachers have inspired ordinary people across the state.

Walking around Charleston in the days after the strike victory, everyone was talking about how proud they were of the teachers and education workers.

"They deserve it" and "I'm glad they stood up for what is right" were common phrases in the coffee shop and hotel. It was like people felt that they had finally gained some ground on the crooks in the statehouse and won something for regular people who have been getting stepped on for far too long.

In talking to some of the teachers who helped lead the strike, they were simultaneously energized and a little

IT'S ALL OURS!

will most certainly be another space for struggle in the months to come.

For those of us who have worked in public schools, the politicians are raising a familiar narrative about the PEIA: "We have no money, how can we fund it?" They tell teachers and



state workers that there's no money for raises, health care or pensions while continuing to cut corporate taxes and give tax breaks to the very wealthy.

West Virginia is the very heart of the extraction industry — driving across the state, one sees not only coal tipples, but also fields of oil derricks, natural gas pipelines and chemical processing plants. Yet instead of raising taxes on the extraction industry, state legislators voted in 2016 to cut the oil and gas severance tax from an already meager 5 percent down to 3 percent by 2019.

This is one of the fights teachers and state workers are gearing up for next: Making those who profit off the state's resources pay more to help fund social services and make up for the environmental degradation these industries continue to inflict.

It's also inspiring that most of the strikers who were on the front lines in West Virginia were women. In the era of #MeToo, this shows another layer to the struggle against sexism — that women deserve decent, well-paying jobs

advanced degrees and working for nearly a decade in education.

They talked about how some of their students live in housing conditions like those in the shantytowns of apartheid South Africa, and how it's understandable in these conditions that schools have become places not just for

teaching skills, but for building communities of support that provide meals and comprehensive social services for people who have no other options.

Pictures of broken chairs, tattered textbooks, mold and pest infestations in classrooms, stories of working multiple jobs to make ends meet — this is the narrative playing out on people's Facebook feeds and in the

Infoshop Banter

What's up with March

by Rabble Rabble Cheeseburger

"March for our Lives" has a cataclysmic tone to it, a call for mass flight in the face of disaster. It's unquestionable that we in the Holocene extinction are 'surviving' an ecocide. The resulting *survival sickness* has become a pandemic. The malaise infects the youth, inheritors of a thinly veiled extermination,

It's horrifying, but it's not completely unfamiliar. In some ways, what we are beginning to see is that we are all West Virginia. For decades, education workers have existed in conditions that continue to deteriorate due to long-term neglect.

Whether it's no heat in schools in Baltimore or lead in the water in Detroit and Flint public schools, teachers have been trying to make it work and doing their best in situations that are completely unacceptable.

However, education workers are also beginning to take a page from West Virginia in other ways, too. We are starting to believe we're worthy of better — that we deserve more, that the children we teach deserve better, and to get it, we have to be willing to fight for it. And if we fight for it together, we can win.

Driving home from West Virginia to Chicago, past the signs for Cabin Creek and Paint Creek, sites of the infamous mine wars from decades past, I couldn't help but feel hopeful.

Not the kind of blind hopefulness that means putting faith in politicians to do something for us, but hope in what West Virginia teachers showed us—that we can do it for ourselves.

I am grateful to have been able to spend a few days talking to people who are now both my heroes and friends — to be able to learn from them and be a small part of knitting together this rich narrative of worker resistance that is, hopefully, just a beginning of larger fightback for the schools and working conditions we know we deserve.

Anthony Cappetta contributed to this article.

action committee, and are lobbyists for gun manufacturers, but that's business as usual. So, where's the beef?

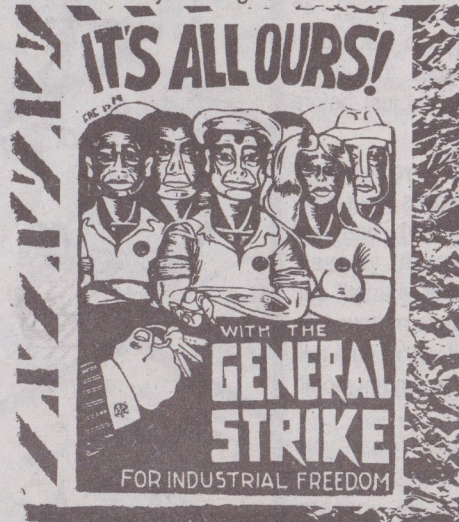
Liberal pitfalls are unavoidable, for there is no outside to ideology. Revolutionary struggle proceeds through contradiction. The radicals in "March for our lives" deserve solidarity, without it they risk abduction by the liberal consensus. Capitalist narratives have

against Big Coal, the striking teachers have inspired ordinary people across the state.

Walking around Charleston in the days after the strike victory, everyone was talking about how proud they were of the teachers and education workers.

"They deserve it" and "I'm glad they stood up for what is right" were common phrases in the coffee shop and hotel. It was like people felt that they had finally gained some ground on the crooks in the statehouse and won something for regular people who have been getting stepped on for far too long.

In talking to some of the teachers who helped lead the strike, they were simultaneously energized and a little



exhausted by the struggle, but also very cognizant that they still have major battles ahead.

The teachers we met with were proud of the way ordinary people came together across 55 counties to stand up and demand more. They were excited when teachers stood in solidarity with other state workers and refused to take a tiered wage increase.

These same teachers also said that until the billionaire oil and gas barons, many of whom hold positions in the state government, begin to pay their fair share, the fight for public services and well-funded classrooms must

extraction industry — driving across the state one sees not only coal tipples, but also fields of oil derricks, natural gas pipelines and chemical processing plants. Yet instead of raising taxes on the extraction industry, state legislators voted in 2016 to cut the oil and gas severance tax from an already meager 5 percent down to 3 percent by 2019.

This is one of the fights teachers and state workers are gearing up for next: Making those who profit off the state's resources pay more to help fund social services and make up for the environmental degradation these industries continue to inflict.

It's also inspiring that most of the strikers who were on the front lines in West Virginia were women. In the era of #MeToo, this shows another layer to the struggle against sexism — that women deserve decent, well-paying jobs in addition to workplaces free from harassment.

As the coal jobs dried up in the last decade in West Virginia, women workers often became the sole wage earner in households across the state. Women workers aren't exempt from raising families and being primary caregivers just because they work one or even two jobs outside the house.

The stories of mothers who made tremendous sacrifices to find childcare for their own kids in order to drive hours to the capital to stand up for the children in their classrooms as well, showed the tremendous tenacity of the women strikers.

The women we met in West Virginia are leaders, union militants and organizers, and many of them are also mothers and wives. They refuse to be typecast. They are juggling all the things that capitalism throws at working families while managing to be part of the most exciting act of workers' resistance in decades.

Perhaps the biggest lesson from my visit to West Virginia is that while we may live in different states and have different life experiences, we have so much in common in our struggle as workers.

One of the teachers we met with spoke candidly of having to choose between paying

textbooks, mold and pest infestations in classrooms, stories of working multiple jobs to make ends meet — this is the narrative playing out on people's Facebook feeds and in the

fightback for the schools and working conditions we know we deserve.

Anthony Cappetta contributed to this article.

Infoshop Banter

What's up with March

by Rabble Rabble Cheeseburger

"March for our Lives" has a cataclysmic tone to it, a call for mass flight in the face of disaster. It's unquestionable that we in the Holocene extinction are 'surviving' an ecocide. The resulting *survival sickness* has become a pandemic. The malaise infects the youth, inheritors of a thinly veiled extermination, that's given partial expression in the breakdown of the schools. The model of education which emerged out of industrial England, and that came to signify education proper, of training youth to become workers, is obsolete in a society that lives in permanent denial about its future. Schooling reduced to a disciplinary function shows children for what they are, political prisoners.

If assault rifles were banned, it would only strip away one of the last residues of constituent power. A people armed, not as individuals, but as militias that provide a check to state power. Nowadays that is perhaps a far fetched idea, but so is allowing only the police and the military to have them. Roughly 3% of the population owns over half of the guns today, while gun ownership has been declining, as have gun deaths. Over two thirds of those gun deaths are suicides. While schools remain safer for students to be at than their own homes, or anywhere else for that matter. Increasing surveillance on the 'mentally ill' is nonsensical, as a 'group' they commit fewer crimes than 'normal' people. Furthermore, nearly all school shootings are suburban, though sometimes rural, while security measures are typically deployed in urban areas. Sure, the NRA is a political

action committee, and are lobbyists for gun manufacturers, but that's business as usual. So, where's the beef?

Liberal pitfalls are unavoidable, for there is no outside to ideology. Revolutionary struggle proceeds through contradiction. The radicals in "March for our lives" deserve solidarity, without it they risk abduction by the liberal consensus. Capitalist narratives have maintained the view that there is no escape — not even a plausible idea of one — from a system of infinite growth on a planet of finite resources. A la Frederic Jameson, it is more



realistic to imagine the planet's death, and to 'live' with that, than to imagine a future beyond capitalism.

Youth, the transformation of what exists, is in no way the property of those who are now young, but of the economic system, of the dynamism of capitalism. Things rule and are young, things confront and replace one another (SOTS-Unity and Division within appearance). By commodifying the world which youth inhabit, and restricting it to upholding the market, the creativity of youth is directed at preserving what is old, what is young is valued only in so far as it is exchangeable with what is already past. Our dilemma is that the movement which

By Wendy M.A.D.

Well, shit, my darlings. We're there.

On March 18th, armed agents of HSI, a branch of ICE, arrested someone from the 2200 block of Parker Street in South Berkeley. Folks have been trying to figure out where the fuck they took the guy, but here's the crazy thing: since immigration is considered a matter of civil law, there isn't a public disclosure of where ICE detainees are. When someone is arrested, usually there's this mandatory thing of everyone being able to look their name up on a public website so we can figure out where they are, but WHOA! For immigration detainees, they have no such requirements. Several folks I spoke with connected with media watchdog organizations in town are looking to know where this guy went, but no one can find him. He was literally disappeared. We really need to have more discussion of how we might change immigration law in such a way that still protects the privacy of immigrants (like, most immigration stuff really should be kept as civil law), but there seriously needs to be a requirement that when individuals are detained, their whereabouts are publicly reported. This whole thing of disappearing people is really goddamn scary! I unfortunately have no way of backing this up, but what we can assume happened to the guy they took is this:

He was probably taken to Contra Costa prison, which is the only local prison with the proper federal contracts to hold those who have been taken by ICE. From there, we can assume he was deported. At least that is what we hope: that he was merely deported and

Be ready to film.

didn't suffer a worse fate.

Speaking of freakyass immigration stuff that not enough people are taking about, on Feb 27th, the Supreme Court pulled the Nazi move of making it so ICE detainees can be held

have gone up since then, may be different from state to state, or may be different, even higher, for immigrants, especially if it means little kids are being incarcerated with them.

The fact that immigrant detainees can be held indefinitely is a huge boon for the capitalists who are invested in private prisons. Due to the way capitalism works, these investors are going to have been selectively filling the prison industry with business leaders who are willing to put the investor bottom-line before all else: to have more people in prison

this sort of thing? Didn't we figure it out in the Second World War?

Those of us who remember the stories from the Second World War grow increasingly nervous about having denationalized people disappeared from their homes by gun-toting thugs with badges and uniforms. It was through the over-policing of the German border—and the over-policing of the concept of "who's a real German?"—that the U.S. rose to power in Nazi Germany, and gradually, more and more groups became

States of a new type of police force, ICE, and as we see them breaking our local laws about Sanctuary Cities, and as we see them flaunting their ability to murder by walking our streets with submachine guns strapped to their chests (seriously, have you noticed the creepy-ass ICE agents with submachine guns at the entrance to A's games now?! Some of my friends have stopped taking their kids to baseball games cuz they don't want them exposed to people flaunting guns like that!), as we see all this starting to happen, we simply must push back. Not just by protesting, but fighting like crazy for better laws, getting money out of prisons (or how about abolishing them!), and robbing these people of any social, legal, financial and political tools that enable them to have these levels of absolute power over individuals and our society. And we have to keep our eyes on our neighbors. If someone gets taken by ICE, we simply have to follow up and make sure they are okay. Our compliance is being tested. If we sit idly by in these times, we will open up the floodgates for greater levels of abuse.

Follow up when

ICE takes someone.



discussion of how we might change immigration law in such a way that still protects the privacy of immigrants (like, most immigration stuff really should be kept as civil law), but there seriously needs to be a requirement that when individuals are detained, their whereabouts are publicly reported. This whole thing of disappearing people is really goddamn scary! I unfortunately have no way of backing this up, but what we can assume happened to the guy they took is this:

He was probably taken to Contra Costa prison, which is the only local prison with the proper federal contracts to hold those who have been taken by ICE. From there, we can assume he was deported. At least that is what we hope: that he was merely deported and

Be ready to film.

didn't suffer a worse fate.

Speaking of freakyass immigration stuff that not enough people are taking about, on Feb 27th, the Supreme Court pulled the Nazi move of making it so ICE detainees can be held indefinitely without bail, and I'd say we're in trouble. The for-profit prison industry has a huge incentive to keep people in jail as long as possible, cuz for each day they house a human, that's like \$500 of taxpayer money that goes to funding the prison industry. Well, that's an exaggeration. It's more like \$459.53. At least that's based on a 2013 study of how much it costs to house and guard inmates in New York (goo.gl/eFfc2Z) - the number may

for our Lives?

abolishes the present state of things is necessary, but denied out of suicidal faith.

Struggle determined by single serving issues guarantees defeat, the trap of the particular, as opposed to struggle against alienation in general. Production, as well as consumption, is premised on preserving alienation, hence the serial production of the masses. This is why shootings continue to happen. In serial relations governed by

disappears someone on Parker Street in Berkeley

have gone up since then, may be different from state to state, or may be different, even higher, for immigrants, especially if it means little kids are being incarcerated with them.

The fact that immigrant detainees can be held indefinitely is a huge boon for the capitalists who are invested in private prisons. Due to the way capitalism works, these investors are going to have been selectively filling the prison industry with business leaders who are willing to put the investor bottom-line before all else: to have more people in prison next quarter than this quarter. That is the only way to make prisons profitable, and by allowing prisons to be for-profit, we've opened our society up to this horrible logic.

Right now, hundreds of our neighbors and colleagues are at risk of being taken by ICE. Among those who have citizenship, there is talk of "when will we have to start hiding our friends in our basements?" It is a stupid question to have to be asking. Aren't we over

this sort of thing? Didn't we figure it out in the Second World War?

Those of us who remember the stories from the Second World War grow increasingly nervous about having denationalized people disappeared from their homes by gun-toting thugs with badges and uniforms. It was through the over-policing of the German border—and the over-policing of the concept of "who's a real German?"—that the S.S. rose to power in Nazi Germany, and gradually, more and more groups became

Our compliance
is being tested.

denationalized, or lost their legal status as citizens. As the Nazis worked to denationalize more and more groups—immigrants, Jews, gypsies, gay people, Jehovah's witnesses, communists, and others—the legal and social apparatuses were set up to allow those groups of people to be swiftly jailed, murdered and disposed of in a way that was so fluid the German populace didn't notice. According to historical accounts, the vast majority of Germans didn't learn about the gas chambers until after the war - they just kept about business as usual as their neighbors were being disappeared and gassed.

As we see a rise to power in the United

someone gets taken by ICE, we simply have to follow up and make sure they are okay. Our compliance is being tested. If we sit idly by in these times, we will open up the floodgates for greater levels of abuse.

Follow up when

ICE takes someone.

TIPS:

* If you were to happen to have someone who could be undocumented hidden in your basement and ICE shows up, remember your rights. They may not enter your premises w/o a warrant. You can ask them to show the warrant to you before they enter your home. If they don't have one to show you, you can say, "I do not forfeit my rights to have my home searched without a warrant."

* Be sure to have a livestreaming app on your phone so if you spot ICE doing anything illegal or abusive, you can make it immediately public.

human, that's like \$500 of taxpayer money that goes to funding the prison industry. Well, that's an exaggeration. It's more like \$459.53. At least that's based on a 2013 study of how much it costs to house and guard inmates in New York (goo.gl/eFfc2Z) – the number may

Right now, hundreds of our neighbors and colleagues are at risk of being taken by ICE. Among those who have citizenship, there is talk of "when will we have to start hiding our friends in our basements?" It is a stupid question to have to be asking. Aren't we over

denationalized, or lost their legal status as citizens. As the Nazis worked to denationalize more and more groups—immigrants, Jews, gypsies, gay people, Jehovah's witnesses, communists, and others—the legal and social apparatuses were set up to allow those groups of people to be swiftly jailed, murdered and disposed of in a way that was so fluid the German populace didn't notice. According to historical accounts, the vast majority of Germans didn't learn about the gas chambers until after the war – they just kept about business as usual as their neighbors were being disappeared and gassed.

As we see a rise to power in the United

basement and ICE shows up, they have rights. They may not enter your premises w/o a warrant. You can ask them to show the warrant to you before they enter your home. If they don't have one to show you, you can say, "I do not forfeit my rights to have my home searched without a warrant."

* Be sure to have a livestreaming app on your phone so if you spot ICE doing anything illegal or abusive, you can make it immediately public.

for our Lives?

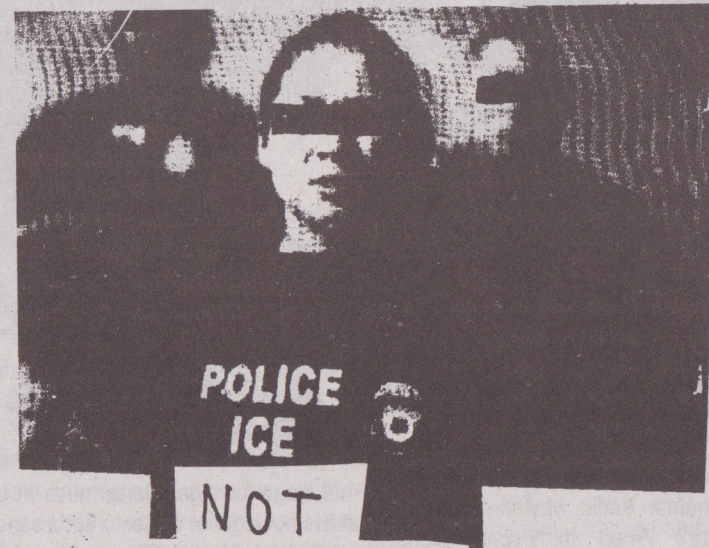
abolishes the present state of things is necessary, but denied out of suicidal faith.

Struggle determined by single serving issues guarantees defeat, the trap of the particular, as opposed to struggle against alienation in general. Production, as well as consumption, is premised on preserving alienation, hence the serial production of the masses. This is why shootings continue to happen. In serial relations governed by scarcity, the other is a dehumanized alien, a threat to one's being. The shooter and the shot-at reflexively preserve each other as the other. My sense of who I am is dependent on this mirroring, an identity which is made of what is other. The other disappears only when there is a solidarity which makes a break with alienating relations.

The lost children must see the potential for *exodus*. The liberals will settle for the pseudo equality of being mutually allowed to not be shot to death. Their belief in a world without alternatives needs fresh managers for the collapse. Dylan Klebold, one of the Columbine shooters, wrote that it was a question of conformity, that, "the zombies and their society band together and try to destroy what is superior and what they don't understand and are afraid of". What is intolerable about those like Dylan, is that they exist, and this 'civilization' has no place for them. Like the nomads in Kafka's *Old Manuscript*, they do not want to know the 'language', and they reject translation. Instead, they play a zero sum game of non-equivalence with their enemies.

In the age of the *state of exception* (See Agamben, esp. *Homo Sacer*), when law increasingly operates by the rule of decree outside of constitutional oversight, lawfulness becomes the exception which upholds the rule of lawlessness. Sovereignty is nowhere more absent than on the level of totality, where we have no guarantees against threats to the species, resulting in a condition where one can be killed without protection from the law. This is the real truth of the war on terror. The logic of 'terrorism' is one of dissemination and visibility, ideally as spectacle, thus the media are accomplices of 'terrorism'. The media inflicts violence by amplifying the effects which results in reinforcing the power of scarcity, serialization, and otherness. Provocative studies suggest that school shootings happen more frequently with every broadcast of a larger shooting, which creates a contagion effect. The consequence is an induced hysteria.

The actions of "March for our Lives" don't add up. It's a premature struggle trying to find itself, where what is at stake is mystified, directed at a particular commodity of the disaster. The enemy has no exit strategy. Cold war deterrence in the schools, like everywhere else, is just capital on life support. We are being slowly wiped out by the real mass killers who see no other way than collective suicide. That the shooters act like sociopathic madmen indistinguishable from our power elite gives new truth to Marx, when he wrote that the hegemonic ideas of an epoch, and by extension its actions, are those of its ruling class.



Over-policing of the German border

& over-policing of the German identity

led to the rise of the S.S. and their death camps

SEX WORK is Not HUMAN TRAFFICKING



Continued from Page 1

shied away when an aging leftist I met over Seeking Arrangements bragged to me that he was "more radical" than I was because he personally knew members of the original Black Panther Party and did some shit back in the day. Evidently his analysis fell short, or was put on pause by his boner, when given the possibility that he might get to fuck a much younger anarchist for a few hundred in cash and insult her politics in the process. Despite my brief foray into full-service, I am part of a privileged subset of sex workers. I am white, cis-, educated and have enough means to front my own costs (photos, shoes, lingerie, make-up, etc.), making it possible for me to be a dominatrix. The bills that I am about to talk about will likely affect me less than many other sex workers. The majority of these other sex workers in the United States are women of color, trans, and/or of a less privileged background.

After backpage.com was shut down by the federal government, St. James' Infirmary reported an increase of around 400% in street

turn to if met with violence, they cannot advertise and the John is ultra-wary of entering into any kind of deal.

— Partial criminalization can mean that while we can advertise our services, we are met with many of the same problems. Maybe we aren't on the streets, but there is no real way to protect ourselves. Why call the cops when they will probably rape you?

— Full legalization allows for a few privileged people to be able to jump through the legal loopholes, medical checks and tax forms needed to make it on the up-and-up, like in Amsterdam or Nevada. This does absolutely nothing to help those who need help most—the poor, marginalized sex worker. This is why legalization is often referred to as "backdoor criminalization," since most sex workers will

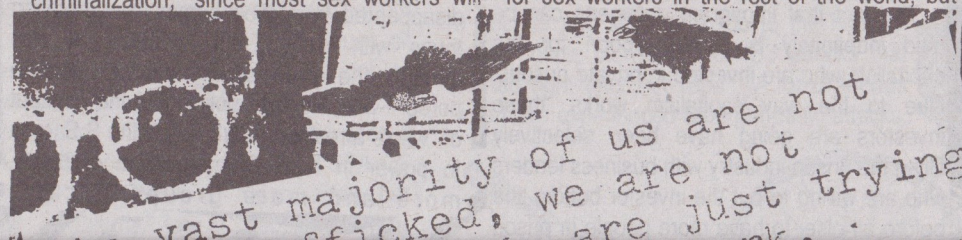


precarious and need access to services like health care and safe sex supplies. Maybe this bill sounds like an effort to prosecute pimping more harshly rather than the sex workers, but that is not actually what it would be in effect. It will be a crisis.

Decriminalization is perhaps a long way off for sex workers in the rest of the world, but

further marginalized and oppressed. Some 30% of men in the US report seeing a sex worker at some point in their lives. And I am certain that they would love to get it for free, or cheaper. These bills were signed by a President involved in a legal dispute with a sex worker, Stormy Daniels, after all—a man known for his sense of entitlement to women's bodies.

To be fair, Bernie voted for FOSTA too, which might go to show you how broad sweeping and multi-faceted the oppression of sex work is in this country. Many people see sex work as demeaning. I will not lie—it can be. But it is absolutely no less demeaning than any other kind of work. At times, it actually



shied away when an aging leftist I met over Seeking Arrangements bragged to me that he was "more radical" than I was because he personally knew members of the original Black Panther Party and did some shit back in the day. Evidently his analysis fell short, or was put on pause by his boner, when given the possibility that he might get to fuck a much younger anarchist for a few hundred in cash and insult her politics in the process. Despite my brief foray into full-service, I am part of a privileged subset of sex workers. I am white, cis-, educated and have enough means to front my own costs (photos, shoes, lingerie, make-up, etc.), making it possible for me to be a dominatrix. The bills that I am about to talk about will likely affect me less than many other sex workers. The majority of these other sex workers in the United States are women of color, trans, and/or of a less privileged background.

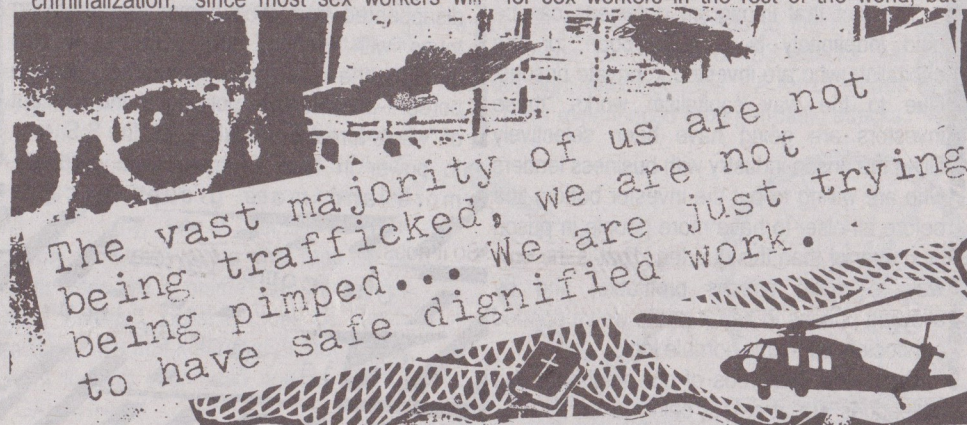
After backpage.com was shut down by the federal government, St. James' Infirmary reported an increase of around 400% in street walkers. After craigslist's erotic services was banned, Baltimore reported a significant increase in femicide. Closing down methods of advertisement does nothing to decrease prostitution — it simply makes it more dangerous, potentially deadly.

So why are so many people signing off on these bills, or nodding their heads in agreement? The language of these bills always revolves around "human trafficking," or "sex trafficking." These are ominous sounding,

turn to if met with violence, they cannot advertise and the John is ultra-wary of entering into any kind of deal.

— Partial criminalization can mean that while we can advertise our services, we are met with many of the same problems. Maybe we aren't on the streets, but there is no real way to protect ourselves. Why call the cops when they will probably rape you?

— Full legalization allows for a few privileged people to be able to jump through the legal loopholes, medical checks and tax forms needed to make it on the up-and-up, like in Amsterdam or Nevada. This does absolutely nothing to help those who need help most—the poor, marginalized sex worker. This is why legalization is often referred to as "backdoor criminalization," since most sex workers will



still practice in a way that is considered illegal, and be met with all the same problems as full criminalization.

— The only country that has completely decriminalized prostitution is New Zealand. It



precarious and need access to services like health care and safe sex supplies. Maybe this bill sounds like an effort to prosecute pimping more harshly rather than the sex workers, but that is not actually what it would be in effect. It will be a crisis.

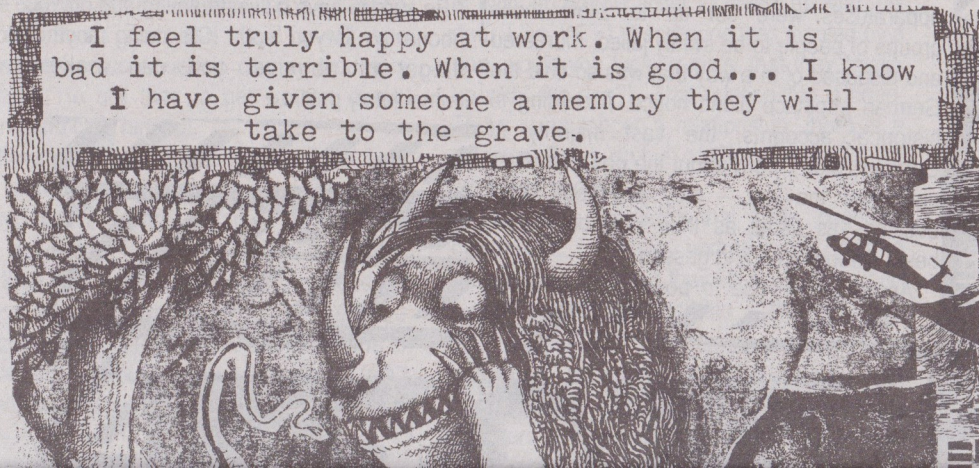
Decriminalization is perhaps a long way off for sex workers in the rest of the world, but

further marginalized and oppressed. Some 30% of men in the US report seeing a sex worker at some point in their lives. And I am certain that they would love to get it for free, or cheaper. These bills were signed by a President involved in a legal dispute with a sex worker, Stormy Daniels, after all— a man known for his sense of entitlement to women's bodies.

To be fair, Bernie voted for FOSTA too, which might go to show you how broad sweeping and multi-faceted the oppression of sex work is in this country. Many people see sex work as demeaning. I will not lie— it can be. But it is absolutely no less demeaning than any other kind of work. At times, it actually feels like a blissful, empowered escape from the exchange of money for labor. I have worked many other types of service industry jobs and I can honestly say that for the first time in my life, I feel truly happy to work. When it is bad, it is terrible. When it is good... I know that I have given someone a memory that they will take to the grave. The money feels like an afterthought and I love that.

For me, my work is primarily about the emotional and psychological exchange. But I do need to eat and pay rent. It is ironic that something so transactional can feel so much more empowering than getting paid minimum wage at a chain coffee shop. I am not ready to have this way of life taken from me yet. I do not want to see so many of my friends thrust into peril. I do not want to read about another one of us dying. The vast majority of us are not being trafficked, we are not being pimped... We are just trying to have safe, dignified work. Until sex work is fully decriminalized, I fear that these problems will persist and we will continue to be raped, killed and tossed aside.

I feel truly happy at work. When it is bad it is terrible. When it is good... I know I have given someone a memory they will take to the grave.



prostitution — it simply makes it more dangerous, potentially deadly.

So why are so many people signing off on these bills, or nodding their heads in agreement? The language of these bills always revolves around "human trafficking," or "sex trafficking." These are ominous sounding,

still practice in a way that is considered illegal, and be met with all the same problems as full criminalization.

— The only country that has completely decriminalized prostitution is New Zealand. It

I feel truly happy at work. When it is bad it is terrible. When it is good... I know I have given someone a memory they will take to the grave.



to be sure. But if the problem is coercive labor relations and human traffic, why shut down an entire industry? When thirty-some illegal immigrants died due to unsafe work conditions in a fishery, did we talk about shutting down the seafood industry? Why shut down the entire sex industry, making it harder and more dangerous for the most vulnerable workers in it?

There are currently four distinct political levels of legalization of sex work, with distinct implications and results:

— First, full criminalization (the John, the purveyor and the worker) leads to a situation in which the worker has absolutely nowhere to

is not illegal or legal there, much in the way that it is not legal or illegal to eat a sandwich in the United States. There has been no significant increase in prostitution since decriminalization. There has been much less violence. When you talk to sex workers, this is what most of us will tell you we want.

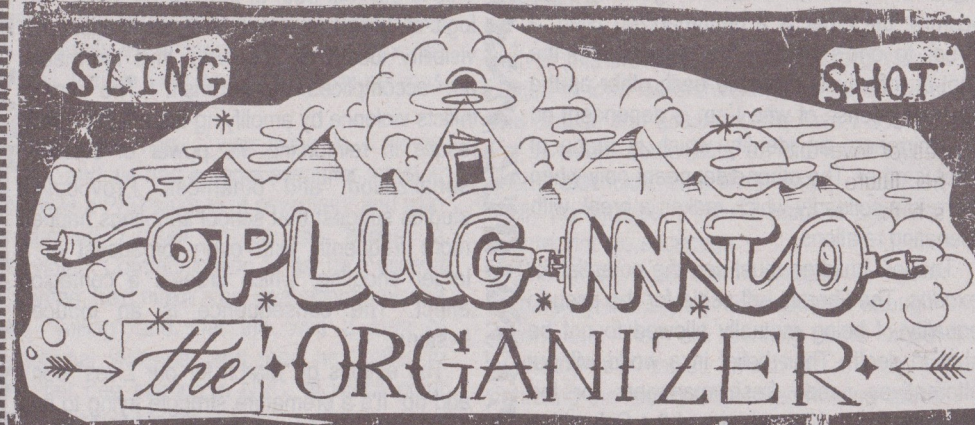
Perhaps a new level—currently waiting to go up for Senate vote here in California, SB 2014—we could call "ultra criminalization." If this bill passes, it will make things like handing out condoms to sex workers or housing them if they are homeless, prosecutable as pimping and pandering. Most sex workers are poor,

further criminalizing it in the US will only make things worse, for many that you might not expect. Many of my fellow sex workers are very closeted about their "side gig." We are nannies, preschool teachers, artists, baristas, bakers, students and hairdressers. Many of us are in the service industry. We are adept at serving the needs of others, intuiting them, making fantasies come true. It is why we are here. Our work is not valued. It is not even considered work by many.

It is my conclusion that this is no coincidence. Women (as well queers and the occasional man), have been doing this type of work for a very long time. We did it as slaves and serfs. Now, rather than allow us to find some form of empowerment from it by actually getting paid a living wage, we are being

time in my life, I feel truly happy to work. When it is bad, it is terrible. When it is good... I know that I have given someone a memory that they will take to the grave. The money feels like an afterthought and I love that.

For me, my work is primarily about the emotional and psychological exchange. But I do need to eat and pay rent. It is ironic that something so transactional can feel so much more empowering than getting paid minimum wage at a chain coffee shop. I am not ready to have this way of life taken from me yet. I do not want to see so many of my friends thrust into peril. I do not want to read about another one of us dying. The vast majority of us are not being trafficked, we are not being pimped... We are just trying to have safe, dignified work. Until sex work is fully decriminalized, I fear that these problems will persist and we will continue to be raped, killed and tossed aside.



Since 1994, volunteers have come together to make the Slingshot Organizer, a zine-style day planner full of handdrawn art and radical history. Selling the *Slingshot Organizer* raises all the money it takes to publish and distribute this paper for free. Right now we're looking for artists to draw the pages of the 2019 organizer. You can help from any part of the planet. We'd love to hear from you as soon as possible. We'll send you a 4-week section to work on. *Slingshot* also is seeking help right now updating the Organizer's historical date list;

and also we'll be editing the Radical Contact List before the end of July. Join us in late July/early August for our annual 24/7 art party where we'll put together the organizer while listening to records and eating vegetarian food!

We still have copies of the 2018 Organizer for sale, and can also send free boxes to projects giving them to prisoners, immigrants, homeless or other folks who cannot purchase. If you have an Android phone, you can support us by downloading the Slingshot organizer app—please help us spread the word about it!

THE SOLDIER & the POET.



By the Reverend Eggking

This is the story of two men who are now deeply entrenched in the Bay Area. One became a Soldier along the way, while the other became a Poet. Each of them have experienced misery and suffering that they would not wish upon their worst enemies, and yet, right now, they are both thriving. Perhaps this was achieved through the divine favor of the gods. Maybe it's a random variable found within an experiment conducted by the big bang theory. It could have been a pre-emptive payout from karma itself. Who knows? I like to think that it's some delightful combination of all three. The reason that this tale is being told is simple and can be summed up in two words:

FUCK WAR

The United States of America has now officially been at war with the Middle East for two years more than we were involved in both World Wars and the Vietnam "Conflict" combined. When it comes to fathoming the unprecedented savagery that is found within our country's merciless assault upon this blessed planet, the Soldier and the Poet agree on **EVERYTHING**. How in the hell did that happen?

Our country's caste system does not willingly offer healthcare to the lower economic class, so he joined the U.S. Air Force in May of 1998. The Soldier survived boot camp in Hotasfuck, Texas, and was then stationed in Damnitshumid, Louisiana, for three and a half years. It was NOT near as fun as it sounds. Then 9/11 happened.

The Poet was thrown out of his family's castle a little over a month after he had turned 18 years old. The Poet didn't skip a beat. Fortuitously, he had been working since he was 13 years old, so he had some money saved and was able to find a place to live. Smoking weed, dropping acid, and trying to fathom what the fuck the Beatles were actually singing about became his highest priorities. He knew for a fact that the walrus was Paul. Then 9/11 happened.

The Poet came into his own in Buffalo, NY. He began writing shit like "bottom slice of a virgin hide, where the sharp objects like to play, marks reflect violated pride, evil shown off in her own way" and other such nonsense. To this day, he is still a little cloudy on whether he actually writes the poems, or the poems write him. After a variety of shenanigans, the Poet started paying attention to politics. He recalls the inception of this focus occurring once George W. Bush was "elected". The Poet realized that our "democracy" was doing a fair impersonation of a monarchy at that point. He soon came to realize that he lived in a

plu-toc-ra-cy plōō' tākrəsē/ noun
noun: **plutocracy**

1. government by the wealthy.
- a country or society governed by the wealthy. plural noun: **plutocracies**
- an elite or ruling class of people whose power derives from their wealth.

For all of this, and a multitude of other reasons, he was beginning to lose his sanity.

After a veritable litany of trials and tribulations, one fine day, the Poet started dating the Soldier's incredible little sister. She was a lovely example of just how perfect the multiverse could be. The Poet had been looking for her his whole damn life, and she found him to be worthy of her attention. About two months into their courtship, the Butterfly introduced the Poet to the Soldier. It was not long into their initial conversation before these two men who now lived in the Bay Area realized that they had the same basic outlook on the way that our country had so viciously orchestrated it's *worldwide slow burning genocide*. How crazy is that? The soldier had seen firsthand what patriotism, greed, and gluttony was responsible for in actual blood, guts, and fears. The Poet was merely a student of these savage times as well as a seeker of any spiritual path that tickled his fancy. And they agreed on **EVERYTHING**.

FUCK

became a Soldier along the way, while the other became a Poet. Each of them have experienced misery and suffering that they would not wish upon their worst enemies, and yet, right now, they are both thriving. Perhaps this was achieved through the divine favor of the gods. Maybe it's a random variable found within an experiment conducted by the big bang theory. It could have been a pre-emptive payout from karma itself. Who knows? I like to think that it's some delightful combination of all three. The reason that this tale is being told is simple and can be summed up in two words:

FUCK WAR

The United States of America has now officially been at war with the Middle East for two years more than we were involved in both World Wars and the Vietnam "Conflict" combined. When it comes to fathoming the unprecedented savagery that is found within our country's merciless assault upon this blessed planet, the Soldier and the Poet agree on **EVERYTHING**. How in the hell did that happen?

The Soldier was born on December 4th, 1974 in Fresno, California. He was named Christopher. His parents were Christian missionaries in China during the eighties, so you know they don't fuck around. They risked constant threat of imprisonment, torture and death for themselves and those who listened.

The Poet was born on November 13th, 1975 in Denver, Colorado. He was named Christopher. His mother was raised Mormon, but had gotten over it. She knowingly became pregnant from a booty call in hopes of motivating an abusive and alcoholic ex-boyfriend to rekindle their "love".

The Soldier grew up in a family with deep roots surrounding their happy home. His first "paying" job was in the picking fields of California's brutal summer heat infused Central Valley. At the terribly young age of ten, until well after his 16th birthday, he roasted in the boiling heat, 5 days a week, during the summer "break". He worked from sunrise to sunset, picking all manner of crops that were grown in the pesticide soaked earth. Cherry tomatoes were the worst. The reward for a full day of picking those would be about six fraking dollars. With tax and tip, that barely covers a

single offer of healthcare to the lower economic class, so he joined the U.S. Air Force in May of 1998. The Soldier survived boot camp in Hotsfuck, Texas, and was then stationed in Damnitshumid, Louisiana, for three and a half years. It was NOT near as fun as it sounds. Then 9/11 happened.

The Poet was thrown out of his family's castle a little over a month after he had turned 18 years old. The Poet didn't skip a beat. Fortuitously, he had been working since he was 13 years old, so he had some money saved and was able to find a place to live. Smoking weed, dropping acid, and trying to fathom what the fuck the Beatles were actually singing about became his highest priorities. He knew for a fact that the walrus was Paul. Then 9/11 happened.

What
are you
looking at?

After 9/11, the Soldier was stationed on Diego Garcia Island in the Indian Ocean for the pre-deployment of long range bombers. Next was Afghanistan. Since this was right after the towers fell, he was part of the initial mass deployment of fuckery that remains in place to this very day. He was promoted in March of 2003 at the Air Marshall School for U.S. Air Force Special Operations. His career would last over 12 years. During his time in the most sadistic military the world has ever known, the Soldier received a myriad of recognition for his efforts, including Iraq & Afghanistan campaign medals, a Combat Action Medal, a Bronze

The Poet came into his own in Buffalo, NY. He began writing shit like "bottom slice of a virgin hide, where the sharp objects like to play, marks reflect violated pride, evil shown off in her own way" and other such nonsense. To this day, he is still a little cloudy on whether he actually writes the poems, or the poems write him. After a variety of shenanigans, the Poet started paying attention to politics. He recalls the inception of this focus occurring once George W. Bush was "elected". The Poet realized that our "democracy" was doing a fair impersonation of a monarchy at that point. He soon came to realize that he lived in a

plu-toc-ra-cy plōō' tākrāsē/ noun
noun: **plutocracy**

1. government by the wealthy.

• a country or society governed by the wealthy. plural noun: **plutocracies**

• an elite or ruling class of people whose power derives from their wealth.

For all of this, and a multitude of other reasons, he was beginning to lose his sanity. So it goes.....

The Soldier returned home to a land that was unable to offer true reciprocity for all that he had done to defend it. At least that's what he thought he was doing at the time. Defending us from all the terrorists. He soon realized that all he was actually doing was protecting and expanding the business interests of the Bastards of War who will stop at nothing to make sure that their blood soaked campaigns in the Middle East never run dry. The best way to explain what the Soldier experienced upon his return can be summed up by George Carlin. The Master has this fantastic bit about how what was originally referred to as "Shell Shock" during the first World War eventually become known as "Post Traumatic Stress Disorder". I suggest you look it up, it's absolutely brilliant. After watching that, you just might be able to begin comprehending what the Soldier was going through once he came back to this country.

"Fishing out
dead bodies from
Golden Gate Park"

After a veritable litany of trials and tribulations, one fine day, the Poet started dating the Soldier's incredible little sister. She was a lovely example of just how perfect the multiverse could be. The Poet had been looking for her his whole damn life, and she found him to be worthy of her attention. About two months into their courtship, the Butterfly introduced the Poet to the Soldier. It was not long into their initial conversation before these two men who now lived in the Bay Area realized that they had the same basic outlook on the way that our country had so viciously orchestrated it's *worldwide slow burning genocide*. How crazy is that? The soldier had seen firsthand what patriotism, greed, and gluttony was responsible for in actual blood, guts, and fears. The Poet was merely a student of these savage times as well as a seeker of any spiritual path that tickled his fancy. And they agreed on **EVERYTHING**.

FUCK
WAR

After a while, the Soldier settled into a career which has led to him currently being a Sergeant for the San Francisco Park Ranger Department. Fishing out dead bodies from Golden Gate Park is just one of the myriad of ways that the Soldier serves the city of dreams. Pray that he is the one who catches you fucking around, because an effortless kindness and empathy are the very foundation of his existence. He is a true hero, treating folks with respect, *especially when they don't deserve it*. San Francisco is a war zone onto itself, and the fact that he is out there, allows many to sleep soundly at night.

The Poet eventually married the Butterfly, and now has a thriving career as an event coordinator for both a Soto Zen Japanese Buddhist organization *and* an anarchist collective bookstore in the Haight. He is also deeply involved in the Bay Area's artistic community.

constant threat of imprisonment, torture and death for themselves and those who listened.

The Poet was born on November 13th, 1975 in Denver, Colorado. He was named Christopher. His mother was raised Mormon, but had gotten over it. She knowingly became pregnant from a booty call in hopes of motivating an abusive and alcoholic ex-boyfriend to rekindle their "love".

The Soldier grew up in a family with deep roots surrounding their happy home. His first "paying" job was in the picking fields of California's brutal summer heat infused Central Valley. At the terribly young age of ten, until well after his 16th birthday, he roasted in the boiling heat, 5 days a week, during the summer "break". He worked from sunrise to sunset, picking all manner of crops that were grown in the pesticide soaked earth. Cherry tomatoes were the worst. The reward for a full day of picking those would be about six fraking dollars. With tax and tip, that barely covers a goddamn latte in this town.

The Poet grew up in a family with fierce histories of love and separation. His mother met her future ex-husband a year after the Poet's birth. She moved heaven and earth to help him graduate medical school. The Poet didn't have to work until he started showing no real aptitude for school. Once that stark fact was clearly established, his father made sure that the Poet had real world skills in order to make his way. Even while working throughout most of his teenage years, the Poet never thought that he would ever have to really learn how to take care of himself.

The Soldier met his incredible wife in a Department store in Fresno, California. She was a lovely example of just how perfect the multiverse could be. The Soldier had been looking for her his whole damn life, and she found him to be worthy of her attention. They soon got married and had three daughters and one son.

What
are you
looking at?

After 9/11, the Soldier was stationed on Diego Garcia Island in the Indian Ocean for the pre-deployment of long range bombers. Next was Afghanistan. Since this was right after the towers fell, he was part of the initial mass deployment of fuckery that remains in place to this very day. He was promoted in March of 2003 at the Air Marshall School for U.S Air Force Special Operations. His career would last over 12 years. During his time in the most sadistic military the world has ever known, the Soldier received a myriad of recognition for his efforts, including Iraq & Afghanistan campaign medals, a Combat Action Medal, a Bronze Star, a Kosovo Service medal and a National Defense medal. The Soldier also received the Humanitarian Service medal twice, once for earthquake relief in Iran and once for Tsunami relief in Thailand, as well as a Good Conduct medal, an Air Force Achievement Medal and finally, a Global War on Terror medal. He took lives, he saved lives, and he fucking survived. He had goddamn boots all over the Middle East, and, you guessed it, they were absolutely caked with blood. For all of this, and a multitude of other reasons, he was beginning to lose his sanity. So it goes...

WAR
Nothing
to see here,
MOVE ALONG....

Defending us from all the terrorists. He soon realized that all he was actually doing was protecting and expanding the business interests of the Bastards of War who will stop at nothing to make sure that their blood soaked campaigns in the Middle East never run dry. The best way to explain what the Soldier experienced upon his return can be summed up by George Carlin. The Master has this fantastic bit about how what was originally referred to as "Shell Shock" during the first World War eventually become known as "Post Traumatic Stress Disorder". I suggest you look it up, it's absolutely brilliant. After watching that, you just might be able to begin comprehending what the Soldier was going through once he came back to this country.

"Fishing out
dead bodies from
Golden Gate Park
is just one of
the myriad of
ways that
the Soldier serves
the city
of dreams."

The Poet got deep into Ultra-Conspiracy Land. It was NOT near as fun as it sounds. At one point, he threw away his birth certificate, social security card, state I.D., and everything else in his apartment, except for the drugs of course. He even had to get rid of his cherished Calvin and Hobbes books, because Dick Cheney and George W. Bush were speaking to him directly through them. FUCKERS. By this time he had already been diagnosed as bipolar, manic depressive with psychotic episodes. Truth be told, that wasn't the half of it.

After a while, the Soldier settled into a career which has led to him currently being a Sergeant for the San Francisco Park Ranger Department. Fishing out dead bodies from Golden Gate Park is just one of the myriad of ways that the Soldier serves the city of dreams. Pray that he is the one who catches you fucking around, because an effortless kindness and empathy are the very foundation of his existence. He is a true hero, treating folks with respect, *especially when they don't deserve it*. San Francisco is a war zone onto itself, and the fact that he is out there, allows many to sleep soundly at night.

The Poet eventually married the Butterfly, and now has a thriving career as an event coordinator for both a Soto Zen Japanese Buddhist organization *and* an anarchist collective bookstore in the Haight. He is also deeply involved in the Bay Area's artistic community.

Both men know that war is an unnatural act that must be propped up by trillions of dollars of utter bullshit, just to survive. Both men are sickened by the way that this never ending "war on terror" has insidiously embedded itself within the very air that we breathe, while the talking head fucksticks offer their latest force feeding of rationalization as they distract us with the freshest of atrocities.

Please do me a favor and think of a world in which our country is not the most accomplished serial killer that our planet has ever seen. Hold onto that feeling, damn it!

Cherish it. Nourish it.

NEVER LET IT FADE AWAY....

In the immortal words of John Lennon:

"All we are saying, is give peace a chance."

How did he die again?

FRONTLINES IN THE FOREST

Continued from Page 1

when I reached the familiar meadow marking the summit of the hike. I called out to the cows grazing in the ranchers' meadows; I imagined that their responding moos were proclamations of solidarity with our forest defense efforts. I could look across the valley



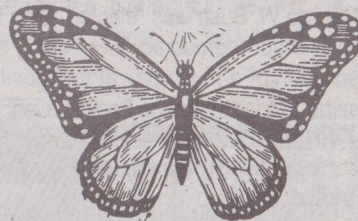
and distinguish the uniform green blocks of planted Doug fir from the old-growth mixed stands with their rich, heterogenous colors and textures.

The history of forest defense in Humboldt County is long and rich. The seeds were planted in the late 70s when activists first used non violent direct action tactics to resist

have their nasty fingers in literally everything evil, and then wonder if thinking that makes you a conspiracy theorist, you're not tripping – it's fucking real!

The Headwaters Reserve and most of the other former timberlands that have been granted protection as a result of the timber wars are low elevation, mixed forest dominated by coast Redwood. 97% of California's old growth coast Redwood forest were logged, and most of the remaining groves are now protected. The Mattole is unique in that it is dominated by Douglas fir and tanoak rather than Redwood. Coast Redwoods only grow up to about 2,000 ft above sea level, and being at about 3,000 ft, Rainbow Ridge's only Redwood trees are a short row of young saplings planted as an experiment by the company.

Douglas fir is the only "marketable" species on the ridge, and HRC has been intent on converting the diverse mixed forest into a monocropped Doug fir plantation for maximum board foot output. To this end, HRC and MRC both employ a barbaric herbicide technique



known as "hack and squirt" to kill "unmarketable" hardwood trees (which on Rainbow includes tanoak, live oak, madrone, and bay laurel), which they have the audacity to call restoration. Notches are cut into the trunks of the hardwoods, and then injected with Imazapyr, an herbicide that is an ingredient in Roundup, and that is water

four month blockade, which prevented logging on that side of the ridge.

In 2016, in response to community pressure, HRC cancelled their plans for helicopter logging on Rainbow, but retained 2 cable yarding THPs. In 2017 company officials told the community they wouldn't log until summertime, but activists discovered company contractors had herbicided over 180 acres in the spring. Again, a blockade was set up, and HRC was unable to log all season. HRC renewed their two active THPs in the area in September of 2017, claiming there were no significant changes in the units. In fact, a massive landslide had occurred directly adjacent to a unit, a clear indication of the instability of the steep, rocky hillsides that characterize the ridge -- and a certainly a reason not to risk additional logging the area. Activists dismantled the blockade at the end of the logging season in the fall but have maintained a close eye on HRC's movements on the ridge over the winter.

The newest development is that HRC has filed a road proposal for a completely redundant road which would serve the sole purpose of circumventing the bottleneck spot that activists have successfully blockaded for nearly 2 decades. Constructing the road would require destroying a sensitive marsh area, removing a beautiful grove of old growth bay laurel trees, and quarrying a huge rock outcrop. California Department of Forestry (CDF), the regulatory body responsible for the final stamp of approval, is notorious for approving virtually every timber company scheme that lands on their desks, but this road proposal has faced half a dozen delays as HRC struggles to comply with CDF's meager requirements for new logging roads

for the remaining 1,100 acres of unentered old growth on Rainbow Ridge.

There are a multitude of tangible, locally relevant reasons to oppose logging in this region – protecting habitat for native endangered species, including salmon; preserving wildlands for the next generation to enjoy; and preventing direct impacts on local residents, such as exposure to toxic herbicides, or the landslides and floods that come after heavy logging, just to name a few. But what makes the Mattole worth fighting for if these issues don't affect you personally?

The temperate rainforest of the Pacific Northwest is actually the most efficient carbon sink of any ecosystem on Spaceship Earth – more effective at sequestering carbon per acre than the Amazon. With climate change quickly surpassing conservative estimates, the importance of the carbon sequestration value of forests, as well as their role as climactic regulators in the water cycle, increases every day. Scientists are scrambling to design carbon sinks – it is ludicrous to destroy the natural carbon sinks Earth herself has gifted us with. Forests the world over will go through major changes in the coming centuries as climate change progresses. Karen Coulter of the Blue Mountains Biodiversity Project says that it is imperative that we create protected areas where ecosystems can have the freedom to adapt to climate change without human intervention. We must realize that examples of ecocide such as the logging and herbiciding of Rainbow Ridge are not merely little individual tragedies. They are appendages, small in appearance, but connected to a many-limbed beast of industrial destruction that is fueled by consumption and piloted by the cold logic of



and distinguish the uniform green blocks of planted Doug fir from the old-growth mixed stands with their rich, heterogenous colors and textures.

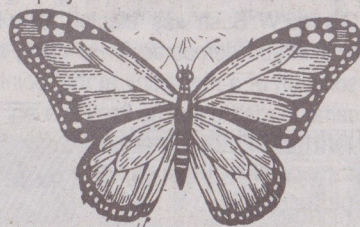
The history of forest defense in Humboldt County is long and rich. The seeds were planted in the late 70s when activists first used non violent direct action tactics to resist logging near the Sinkyone wilderness, but forest defense efforts didn't garner widespread attention until the late 80s. In 1985, Texan venture capitalist Charles Hurwitz orchestrated a hostile takeover of the Humboldt county timber company Pacific Lumber (PL) and began liquidating their assets – clearcutting at a breakneck speed forests that PL had been cutting slowly for over a century. Resistance mounted all over the county against the timber harvest plans of PL and other logging companies. One campaign coalesced around the headwaters of the Elk River, a 20,000-acre forest southeast of Eureka owned by PL that included several pristine groves of old growth mixed forest.

The battle over the Headwaters wore on for over a decade – in the forest with blockades and tree sits, in the community with demonstrations and public actions, and in the courts with suits over PL's destruction of endangered species habitat and blatant disregard for forestry regulations. In 1999, the Headwaters Deal was signed, in which 7500 acres of timberland in the Elk River watershed, including 3000 acres of old growth, were bought out from PL in exchange for \$480 million in taxpayer money and the green light to log other PL holdings.

The Mattole is often referred to as the

short row of young saplings planted as an experiment by the company.

Douglas fir is the only "marketable" species on the ridge, and HRC has been intent on converting the diverse mixed forest into a monocropped Doug fir plantation for maximum board foot output. To this end, HRC and MRC both employ a barbaric herbicide technique



known as "hack and squirt" to kill "unmarketable" hardwood trees (which on Rainbow includes tanoak, live oak, madrone, and bay laurel), which they have the audacity to call restoration. Notches are cut into the trunks of the hardwoods, and then injected with Imazapyr, an herbicide that is an ingredient in Roundup and that is water



soluble and can travel to parts of the landscape where it wasn't sprayed. We walked through a unit on Rainbow Ridge that had been treated with herbicides, and it gave me the chills. The hardwoods are left standing dead, and the remaining forests feel like

instability of the steep, rocky ridges that characterize the ridge -- and a certainly a reason not to risk additional logging the area. Activists dismantled the blockade at the end of the logging season in the fall but have maintained a close eye on HRC's movements on the ridge over the winter.

The newest development is that HRC has filed a road proposal for a completely redundant road which would serve the sole purpose of circumventing the bottleneck spot that activists have successfully blockaded for nearly 2 decades. Constructing the road would require destroying a sensitive marsh area, removing a beautiful grove of old growth bay laurel trees, and quarrying a huge rock outcrop. California Department of Forestry (CDF), the regulatory body responsible for the final stamp of approval, is notorious for approving virtually every timber company scheme that lands on their desks, but this road proposal has faced half a dozen delays as HRC struggles to comply with CDF's meager requirements for new logging roads.

more carbon sequestering carbon per acre than the Amazon. With climate change quickly surpassing conservative estimates, the importance of the carbon sequestration value of forests, as well as their role as climactic regulators in the water cycle, increases every day. Scientists are scrambling to design carbon sinks – it is ludicrous to destroy the natural carbon sinks Earth herself has gifted us with. Forests the world over will go through major changes in the coming centuries as climate change progresses. Karen Coulter of the Blue Mountains Biodiversity Project says that it is imperative that we create protected areas where ecosystems can have the freedom to adapt to climate change without human intervention. We must realize that examples of ecocide such as the logging and herbiciding of Rainbow Ridge are not merely little individual tragedies. They are appendages, small in appearance, but connected to a many-limbed beast of industrial destruction that is fueled by consumption and piloted by the cold logic of capital. To resist this, our struggles for ecology cannot manifest as isolated efforts to address a single issue. Our campaigns must be rooted in a broad intention to address ecological devastation on all fronts across the globe.

The forest defense movement is wide-ranging and is made up of people from many walks of life participating in different ways. There are lawyers and nonprofit directors who work behind the scenes to file suits and get the land permanently protected. There are rascals on the ground building blockades and climbing trees. And there are a multitude of things to be done to support a forest defense campaign – supplies to be hiked in, food to be dumpstered, calls to be made, big trees to be measured, articles to be written, benefit shows to be played, collective dysfunctions to be addressed. This work is never easy, but it is unequivocally important, and deeply meaningful.

Climate chaos is fully upon us now, and working to address it and adapt to it requires all of our attention and focus. We can no longer afford to carry on focusing on jobs, school, or family as if things are as they've always been. We are facing something unprecedented, and protecting forests is crucial in mitigating ecological collapse.

All my respect and love goes out to those

Humboldt county timber company Pacific Lumber (PL) and began liquidating their assets – clearcutting at a breakneck speed forests that PL had been cutting slowly for over a century. Resistance mounted all over the county against the timber harvest plans of PL and other logging companies. One campaign coalesced around the headwaters of the Elk River, a 20,000-acre forest southeast of Eureka owned by PL that included several pristine groves of old growth mixed forest.

The battle over the Headwaters wore on for over a decade – in the forest with blockades and tree sits, in the community with demonstrations and public actions, and in the courts with suits over PL's destruction of endangered species habitat and blatant disregard for forestry regulations. In 1999, the Headwaters Deal was signed, in which 7500 acres of timberland in the Elk River watershed, including 3000 acres of old growth, were bought out from PL in exchange for \$480 million in taxpayer money and the green light to log other PL holdings.

The Mattole is often referred to as the orphan of the Headwaters Deal because activists proposed that protections for the Mattole be included in the Deal, but none were granted, leaving the area vulnerable to continued logging. In 2007 PL declared bankruptcy, an inevitable conclusion after two decades of mismanagement which prioritized immediate gains over environmental and fiscal sustainability. PL's assets, including over 200,000 acres of timberlands and the company mill in Scotia, were reorganized into Humboldt Redwood Company (HRC) with general support from the community, largely because HRC promised not to log old growth.

The majority shareholders in HRC and its sister company, Mendocino Redwood Company (MRC), are the Fisher family, San Francisco real estate giants and owners of the Gap clothing brand and the Oakland A's. Between HRC and MRC, the Fishers possess 440,000 acres of forest, which makes them the single largest landholder of coastal Redwood forest. If you suspect that the 1%

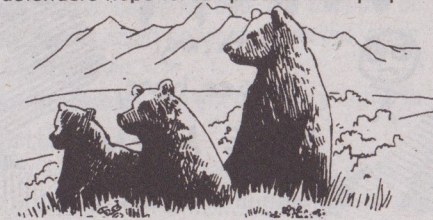


soluble and can travel to parts of the landscape where it wasn't sprayed. We walked through a unit on Rainbow Ridge that had been treated with herbicides, and it gave me the chills. The hardwoods are left standing dead, and the remaining forests feel like spooky, dry brown graveyards with lonely surviving Doug fir mingled throughout. There is a severe fire risk posed by forests filled with standing dead fuel, and in 2016 Mendocino county voters passed a measure, aimed specifically at MRC, to limit hack and squirt on the basis of fire safety. But enforcement has been lax, and MRC continues to herbicide hardwoods. HRC faces no such limitations.

There was frequent resistance to PL timber operations in the Mattole prior to HRC's acquisition of the land. In 1997 Mattole valley residents sued PL over destruction of habitat for endangered coho salmon and staged demonstrations. In 2001 forest defenders blockaded a narrow section of road just above the Upper North Fork of the Mattole River. The spot they chose is strategic -- blockading this single point prevents access to 18,000 acres of forest. This gravelly section of road has seen a lot of action since then. In 2014 HRC filed 2 timber harvest plans (THPs) for Rainbow Ridge and activists responded with a

Forest defenders are poised and ready to make sure this pointless and destructive road is not built. At the same time, the logging season is upon us, and with two active THPs on the ridge HRC could start work in the units any day. There is also a second road proposal, already approved, farther down the ridge that would open up access to unentered old growth.

Nonviolent direct action tactics like blockades and tree sits cannot protect the forest forever, but in the past 35 years they have proven to be a crucial stalling technique, slowing or stopping logging during the long months or years it takes for aboveground routes to be navigated – which often ultimately looks like buying the land and designating it a preserve, but can include legal strategies such as suing the timber companies over noncompliance and legislating tighter restrictions on timber operations. Forest defenders hope for full protection in perpetuity

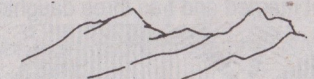


The forest defense movement is wide-ranging and is made up of people from many walks of life participating in different ways. There are lawyers and nonprofit directors who work behind the scenes to file suits and get the land permanently protected. There are rascals on the ground building blockades and climbing trees. And there are a multitude of things to be done to support a forest defense campaign – supplies to be hiked in, food to be dumpstered, calls to be made, big trees to be measured, articles to be written, benefit shows to be played, collective dysfunctions to be addressed. This work is never easy, but it is unequivocally important, and deeply meaningful.

Climate chaos is fully upon us now, and working to address it and adapt to it requires all of our attention and focus. We can no longer afford to carry on focusing on jobs, school, or family as if things are as they've always been. We are facing something unprecedented, and protecting forests is crucial in mitigating ecological collapse.

All my respect and love goes out to those engaged in eco-defense around the world. I call on those who are not engaged yet to reach out to your local campaigns against ecological devastation. Organize in your community, or come to Humboldt County and join us on Rainbow Ridge. The forest is waiting for you to call it home.

Upcoming action camp will be held May 24th – May 27th near the Mattole River watershed in Southern Humboldt county. Trainings and hands on workshops will be held on nonviolent direct action, tripod blockade rigging, tree climbing, herbal first aid, backwoods medic skills, logging monitoring, groundtruthing and more! Come prepared and self-sufficient for all weather conditions, and for those interested, come ready to play in the woods after camp! For further details and directions contact mattoleactioncamp@riseup.net or 707-336-2231



Worst Infoshop Ever turns 25!



Berkeley's creepy crusty-punk zombie that refuses to die



By Jesse D. Palmer

The Long Haul Infoshop in Berkeley will celebrate its 25th birthday Sunday, August 12: 7-9 pm at 3124 Shattuck in Berkeley — it opened August 13, 1993. *Slingshot* has had an office at Long Haul the whole 25 years. The mission in 1993 was to provide a public space for radical events, projects and community building, and the goals remain the same, but what a long strange trip the last 25 years have been.

The Long Haul is simultaneously an inspiring rebellion/escape from the soulless mainstream capitalist nightmare — and a creepy crusty-punk zombie that refuses to die — depending on when you happen to stumble in. Like any loosely-organized, all-volunteer collective project, it has always fallen tragically short from its potential. Along with the mountains of library books, zines and historical

archives are piles of dust and a filthy bathroom. Along with a rotating crew of interesting radicals and long-running events like the Anarchist Study Group and *Slingshot*, there's always plenty of annoying and dysfunctional people demanding your attention when you're just trying to mind your own damn business or get something done.

It can be hard to tell who is who — sometimes the same person is both amazing and fundamentally frustrating. An event may start well, and then suddenly erupt into a screaming match or a fist-fight. People talk during the fucking movies, or the power fails during a concert!

The Long Haul has a 99-year lease, so the nightmare doesn't look like its going to end anytime soon — we'll have to make the best of it and create as many good events, projects

and moments as possible to make up for all the bullshit.

Abusive and sexist people have over and over ruined the space before being banned, burning out and frustrating successive crews of volunteers and allies. But the funny thing is that new people and projects keep wandering in to build the next phase and face the next round of drain-bows.

So while the space has possibly the worst reputation of any radical space in the Bay Area — if not the entire universe — against all odds it is still fresh and new after 25 long years. The name "Long Haul" is no joke.

There's real possibility within these walls — a big meeting room, relatively affordable rent, an established non-profit structure, lots of supplies and resources right on the Berkeley /

Oakland border, towns that still have a lot of fight left in 'em despite so much gentrification.

What the Long Haul needs — which is what it has needed for the whole 25 years — is people to create events, start projects, do stuff, and bring people in to use the space. If you have ideas or energy, the Long Haul wants you.

For the 25th birthday the Infoshop is gonna publish a 25th anniversary zine. If you've ever come through or been a volunteer, send your memories, comments, stories, complaints, photos or art to slingshotcollective@protonmail.com. There might also be a crowdfunding campaign because the Infoshop runs about \$1000 a year short on funds. Long live Long Haul! ... *Oh and did I forget to mention that everyone is welcome to use the toilet?*

Growing in the Rubble: radical spaces update



Compiled by Jesse D. Palmer

Just when I was starting to get discouraged that we're all going to get fried in an accidental nuclear war, or wiped out by an ecological collapse, or thrown in jail by a fascist coup, or squished by gentrification and economic collapse — I'm awoken from my stupor by a whole slew of inspirational radical spaces that seem to be popping up fucking everywhere! The mainstream world is finished — it is in full-on collapse. The only thing to trust is our love, our freedom, our creativity and most of all our community with others as we create radical

Recycle-A-Bike — Providence, RI

A community bike shop with access to tools, used parts and refurbished bicycles that educates and empowers people to fix their own bikes. 1911 Westminster St, Providence RI 02909 401-525-1822 recycleabike.org

Fiddlehead Food Co-op — New London, CT

They are a democratically governed food coop. Okay — I'm biased because my daughter is named Fern and she and I are both obsessed with fiddleheads — the curly parts on new fern

5 acre farm. 28 Cemetery St, Providence, RI 02904 401-270-5223 farmacyherbs.com

[Um - we don't know the name of this space] — Guadalajara, Mexico

A meeting point for travelers interested in sharing knowledge and expanding the community. Calle Garibaldi 556, Colonia Centro, Guadalajara, Jalisco CP44100, Mexico.

monthly magazine and a permanent office. A Malaysian organizer-user suggested we add them to the contact list. 103 Medan Penaga, 11600 Jelutong, Penang, Malaysia +60 4 6585251 aliran.com

Imbala — Jerusalem, Israel

A feminist, queer, anti-racist, multi-lingual, multi-generational, vegan collective. They have a library, cafe and art gallery and welcome activists and people who don't feel safe in Jerusalem (radicals, Palestinians, LGBTQ+).



short from its potential. Along with the anytime soon — we'll have to make the best of mountains of library books, zines and historical it and create as many good events, projects

supplies and resources right on the Berkeley / the toilet?

Growing in the Rubble: radical spaces update



Compiled by Jesse D. Palmer

Just when I was starting to get discouraged that we're all going to get fried in an accidental nuclear war, or wiped out by an ecological collapse, or thrown in jail by a fascist coup, or squished by gentrification and economic collapse — I'm awoken from my stupor by a whole slew of inspirational radical spaces that seem to be popping up fucking everywhere! The mainstream world is finished — it is in full-on collapse. The only thing to trust is our love, our freedom, our creativity and most of all our community with others as we create radical spaces that can thrive and grow in the rubble. Visit and support these spaces and form your own before it's too late. Here are updates to the Radical Contact List published in the 2018 *Slingshot Organizer*. An outdated version (that we can't update because of tech hassles — duh!) is on-line at slingshotcollective.org so the paper version is much more accurate and up to date. Take your computer and shove it.

Blood Fruit – Chicago, IL

They have a library with books in English, Spanish and Catalan as well as a cafe that hosts events such as radical kids storytime, movies and poetry. They also have a printing press and publish a zine and other materials. 3084 S. Lock St. Chicago IL, 60608



Recycle-A-Bike – Providence, RI

A community bike shop with access to tools, used parts and refurbished bicycles that educates and empowers people to fix their own bikes. 1911 Westminster St, Providence RI 02909 401-525-1822 recycleabike.org

Fiddlehead Food Co-op – New London, CT

They are a democratically governed food coop. Okay — I'm biased because my daughter is named Fern and she and I are both obsessed with fiddleheads — the curly parts on new fern leaves. 13 Broad St, New London, CT 06320 860-701-9123 fiddleheadsfood.coop

Dirt Palace – Providence, RI

An art space that offers artists residencies to people historically marginalized within the arts. They also have a zine/book library and host events. 14 Olneyville Sq., Providence, RI 02909 dirtpalace.org

Elisabeth Jones Art Center – Portland, OR

They are a new art gallery and they're featuring some interesting projects on radical topics like Standing Rock, climate change and trees. Yup — trees are "radical" now. There isn't much on-line info so if someone reading this wants to visit and report back, that would be great. 516 NW 14th St., Portland, Oregon 97209. 503-286-4959 elisabethjones.art

New Urban Arts – Providence, RI

A community arts studio for high school students and emerging artists that emphasizes youth leadership and risk taking: "We find beauty in mistakes or failure. It is hard to dare when fear of screwing up, letting down, or reprisal looms." Thanks, Rhode Island. 705 Westminster St, Providence, RI 02903 401-751-4556 newurbanarts.org



5 acre farm. 28 Cemetery St, Providence, RI 02904 401-270-5223 farmacyherbs.com

[Um - we don't know the name of this space] - Guadalajara, Mexico

A meeting point for travelers interested in sharing knowledge and expanding the community. Calle Garibaldi 556, Colonia Centro, Guadalajara, Jalisco CP44100, Mexico.



Faith House – Ottawa, Canada

A long-running, multi-faith group house that hosts and facilitates social justice events like meals, discussions, direct actions and movies. They also run a community garden at another location. 18 Blackburn Ave, Ottawa, Ontario K1N 8A3, Canada. 613-656-9322 faithhouseottawa.wordpress.com

G-Spot – Ottawa, Canada

Short for "Garden Spot" — an autonomous social centre with a commercial kitchen, a garden and zines that hosts events. 329 Bell Street S. Ottawa, ON K1S 4J9, Canada.

L'Achoppe – Montreal, Canada

An "Anarcho-punk stronghold" with a library, brewery, bar, show and music jam space, bike shop, gardens, wood shop — even circus training space. 1800 Letourneux Montreal, QC, H1V 2N1 Canada

Collectif Le Recif – Trois-Pistoles, Canada

An eco-anarcha-feminist social centre that does artist residencies. 1 Rue de la Grève, Rivière-Trois-Pistoles, QC G0L 2E0 Canada collectiflerecif.wordpress.com

Calgary School of Informal Education – Calgary, Canada

They are a volunteer collective that offers classes and runs a *Queer Zine Night* and skill

monthly magazine and a permanent office. A Malaysian organizer-user suggested we add them to the contact list. 103 Medan Penaga, 11600 Jelutong, Penang, Malaysia +60 4 6585251 aliran.com

Imbala – Jerusalem, Israel

A feminist, queer, anti-racist, multi-lingual, multi-generational, vegan collective. They have a library, cafe and art gallery and welcome activists and people who don't feel safe in Jerusalem (radicals, Palestinians, LGBTQ+). They host events, exhibitions, parties, lectures and shows. Imbala means "actually, yes" in Arabic. Yanay Street 3 imbala.uber.space



Corrections to the 2018 Organizer and updates

• Last issue *Slingshot* published a report that

duh!) is on-line at slingshotcollective.org so the paper version is much more accurate and up to date. Take your computer and shove it.

Blood Fruit – Chicago, IL

They have a library with books in English, Spanish and Catalan as well as a cafe that hosts events such as radical kids storytime, movies and poetry. They also have a printing press and publish a zine and other materials. 3084 S. Lock St. Chicago IL, 60608



AS220 – Providence, RI

A community arts organization. Holy shit – they have 4 gallery spaces, a performance stage, a black box theater, a print shop, a darkroom and media arts lab, a fabrication and electronics lab, a dance studio, a youth program focusing on youth under state care and in the Rhode Island juvenile detention facility, 47 affordable live/work studios for artists, and a bar and restaurant. They envision “a just world where all people can realize their full creative potential.” Amen. 115 Empire St, Providence, Rhode Island 02903 401-831-9327 as220.org

Black and Red coop – Los Angeles

A new coop space with a motto of “autonomous economic self sufficiency, thru arts, commerce and services.” 4530 E Cesar Chavez Blvd. Los Angeles, CA 90022

They also have a zine/book library and host events. 14 Olneyville Sq., Providence, RI 02909 dirtpalace.org

Elisabeth Jones Art Center – Portland, OR

They are a new art gallery and they're featuring some interesting projects on radical topics like Standing Rock, climate change and trees. Yup – trees are “radical” now. There isn't much on-line info so if someone reading this wants to visit and report back, that would be great. 516 NW 14th St., Portland, Oregon 97209. 503-286-4959 elisabethjones.art

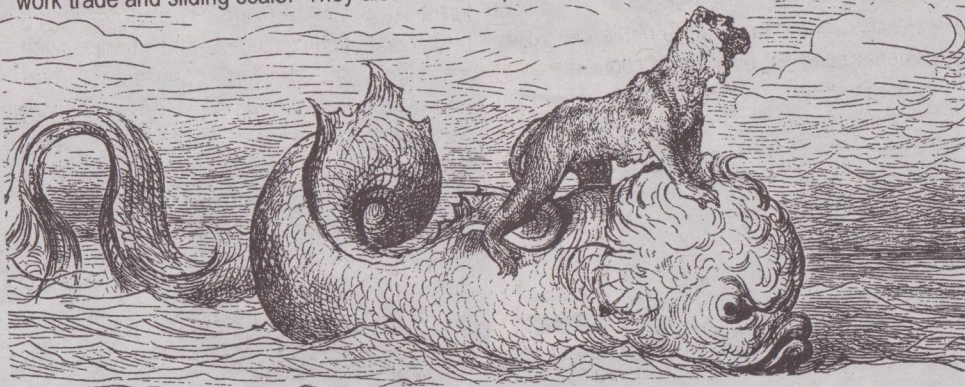
New Urban Arts – Providence, RI

A community arts studio for high school students and emerging artists that emphasizes youth leadership and risk taking: “We find beauty in mistakes or failure. It is hard to dare when fear of screwing up, letting down, or reprisal looms.” Thanks, Rhode Island. 705 Westminster St, Providence, RI 02903 401-751-4556 newurbanarts.org



Farmacy Herbs – Providence, RI

A store that sells farmed and wildcrafted herbal products. They seek to “create accessible community health care and wellness through environmental awareness and holistic practices” and “do-it-yourself methods of natural health-promoting practices.” They do work trade and sliding scale. They also have a



meals, discussions, direct actions and movies. They also run a community garden at another location. 18 Blackburn Ave, Ottawa, Ontario K1N 8A3, Canada. 613-656-9322 faithhouseottawa.wordpress.com

G-Spot – Ottawa, Canada

Short for “Garden Spot” – an autonomous social centre with a commercial kitchen, a garden and zines that hosts events. 329 Bell Street S. Ottawa, ON K1S 4J9, Canada.

L'Achoppe – Montreal, Canada

An “Anarcho-punk stronghold” with a library, brewery, bar, show and music jam space, bike shop, gardens, wood shop – even circus training space. 1800 Letourneux Montreal, QC, H1V 2N1 Canada

Collectif Le Recif – Trois-Pistoles, Canada

An eco-anarcha-feminist social centre that does artist residencies. 1 Rue de la Grève, Rivière-Trois-Pistoles, QC G0L 2E0 Canada collectiflerecif.wordpress.com

Calgary School of Informal Education – Calgary, Canada

They are a volunteer collective that offers classes and runs a Queer Zine Night and skill sharing workshops. #101 223 12th Ave. SW Calgary, Alberta 403-903-4316 yycinformallearning.wordpress.com

Aliran – Penang, Malaysia

Persatuan Aliran Kesedaran Negara (literally, ‘society for the flow of national consciousness’) is a national multi-ethnic reform movement on political, economic and social issues with a



Corrections to the 2018 Organizer and updates

- Last issue *Slingshot* published a report that Backspace in Fayetteville, Arkansas wasn't a safe space. Since we have a hard time verifying such reports and are concerned about the possibility of factional fights or sabotage, we indicated we were unsure about the report. We heard back from a number of sources who said the report was incorrect. These sources confirmed that Backspace is a safe space for women, people of color, LGBTQ and other marginalized communities. Backspace has systems and safe space trainings in place to handle predators. *Slingshot* apologizes for the confusion.
- Wheatsville Food Co-op wants to be listed in the 2019 organizer. They are at 3101 Guadalupe St., Austin TX 78705 512-478-2667 wheatsville.coop
- Emergence in Washington, DC contacted us and asked to be removed from the list. If anyone is in DC, let us know what you think.

Endless Summer!

May 26 - 27 • 10-5 pm FREE ALL AGES
Montreal Anarchist Bookfair - anarchistbookfair.ca

May 27 • 11-6 pm FREE ALL AGES
Los Angeles Zine Fest. Pasadena Convention Center
lazinefest.com

June 1 - 3
Left Forum. John Jay College for Criminal Justice
540 West 59 Street, NYC leftforum.org

June 1 - 6
North American Anarchist Studies Network. Montreal,
Canada naasn.org

June 2 • 12-6 pm
London Radical Book Fair
londonradicalbookfair.wordpress.com

June 7 • 7:30 pm
KPFA Event: The Real History & Events of the Islamic
Republic Of Iran, Medea Benjamin, 2286 Cedar Berkeley

June 8 • 8 pm FREE ALL AGES
East Bay Bike Party - 2nd Friday of each month

June 8-12
Railroad Days Dunsmuir, CA

June 9 • 5 pm
Peace punk fest, 924 Gilman Street, Berkeley

June 11 FREE ALL AGES
International Day of Solidarity with Anarchist Prisoners -
events many places june11.org

June 12 • 7:30 pm
KPFA Event Darnell L'Moore talk on Coming of Age
Black & Free in America First Congregational Church
Oakland 2501 Harrison St, Oakland

June 14 • 7:30 pm
KPFA Event Michael Eric Dyson on Our Unfinished
Conversation About Race in America - First
Congregational Church 2501 Harrison, Oakland

June 14-17
Allied Media Conference Detroit MI. alliedmedia.org

June 22 FREE ALL AGES
Trans March Dolores Park, San Francisco
transmarch.org

June 29 • 6 pm FREE ALL AGES
San Francisco Critical Mass bike ride - last Friday of
each month, Justin Herman Plaza, sfcriticalmass.org

Late June - early July
Earth First! Round River Rendezvous
earthfirstjournal.org

July 4 • 1:30 pm FREE ALL AGES
Opening weekend of SF Mime Troupe play "Solidarity
Forever" Dolores Park San Francisco

July 4th-ish FREE ALL AGES
Rainbow Gathering - ask a hippie for location this year.

July 14
Mad Pride. Everywhere!

July 26-28
Speak for Wolves conference - West Yellowstone, MT
speakforwolves.org

Late July / early August
Join Slingshot to publish the 2018 Organizer. 3124
Shattuck Ave. Berkeley slingshotcollective.org

August 12 7-9pm FREE ALL AGES
Long Haul Infoshop's 25th birthday party 3124 Shattuck
Ave. Berkeley thelonghaul.org

August 26 • 7 pm FREE ALL AGES
Slingshot new volunteer meeting / article brainstorm
for issue #128. 3124 Shattuck Ave. Berkeley
slingshotcollective.org

September 15 • 10-6 pm FREE
23rd annual Bay Area Anarchist Book Fair. Omni
Commons 4799 Shattuck Oakland.
bayareaanarchistbookfair.com

September 15
Twin Cities zine festival. Minneapolis Central Library

September 22 • 3 pm FREE ALL AGES
Slingshot article deadline for issue #128
slingshotcollective@protonmail.com

October 5-7 FREE ALL AGES
Hardly Strictly Bluegrass